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CALIFORNIAN OVERLAND RAILWAYS.

SINCE John Plumbé, at Dubuque, Iowa, in 1836, called the first public meeting to agitate the subject of building a transcontinental railway, connecting our then possessions on the Pacific (Oregon alone) with the Atlantic States, the scheme was more or less under discussion until executed in the summer of 1869. Asa Whitney came into the field, an enthusiastic advocate of a railway "to control the trade of the Indies," ten years later, and by his efforts brought the subject into general notice. The acquisition of California during the four years that Whitney made himself prominent as a public lecturer upon his favorite theme, and the discovery of gold in the new acquisition, gave increased value to the American empire rising on the shores of the Pacific, and added to the arguments in favor of a railway from ocean to ocean. The project was not without many warm advocates in the eastern half of the republic. There were far-seeing statesmen, desirous of cementing the sections of the country

more firmly together, who placed themselves on record as friends of the measure. But it is doubtful if we could boast during even the present decade of a railway connection with the great body of our countrymen but for the energy and unflagging efforts of Californians, who were accustomed to call the older States "home," and determined, if possible, to obtain some more safe and speedy way than a passage through the hot and sickly tropics to reach the spots sacred in childhood memories.

The explorations of Frémont from 1842 to 1853 had demonstrated that the two great mountain chains in the way of a railway were not utterly impassable. Congress, as much to satisfy popular clamor as with a view to any ultimate benefit, appropriated, in 1853 and 1854, sums aggregating \$340,000 for a series of surveys which should embrace the climate, topography, geology, botany, natural history, etc., of the region between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean. The facts collected by the different corps

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of topographical engineers assigned to the surveys furnished data for a large number of editorial articles, and Congressional and political speeches, in the making of which Californians bore a conspicuous part.

Gwin gave notice in the United States Senate of a bill for the construction of a Pacific railway as early as 1851. Douglas, chairman of the Committee on Territories, on the instructions of the committee, reported the first bill on the subject in 1852; but owing to the fact that the Government was in the hands of a party that (professing to follow Jefferson, who frankly confessed he found no warrant in the Constitution for the purchase of Louisiana) was ready, on all occasions, to annex all the territory that could be obtained, but denied the constitutionality of any measure looking to its improvement when acquired, that bill, as did all others of the same import, failed; and it was not until ten years after, when secession had emptied the seats of Southern Democrats, who hung upon the skirts of progress, and when a great war was waging, taxing the nation to the utmost, that a bill to aid in the construction of a railway connecting California with the mother States had any prospect of success.

The topographical engineers engaged in the various reconnoissances were made acquainted with the fact that the Rocky Mountain chain, owing to its long slopes, offered no great obstacles to a railway. But the Sierra Nevada presented the most serious difficulties. Its water-sheds were short and abrupt. They were cut with frightful gorges. Snows fell in the higher altitudes to the depth of from twenty-five to forty feet in the winter.

Lieutenant Beckwith, who headed one of the corps of engineers, made a survey from Great Salt Lake through the Madelin Pass into the valley of the Sacramento, and it was upon the data furnish-

ed by this survey that the practicability of a railway across the Sierra was affirmed by our newspapers and politicians. But the route was by a long detour, the country very rough, and consequently the cost of constructing a railway on it would be very great.

We now come to the consideration of actual railway construction, and to efforts that resulted in the undertaking of a transcontinental line. Sufficient credit has been already awarded to some of the actors in these enterprises, while others have been allowed the privilege of obscurity, or mentioned only as supernumeraries. Mr. Charles Nordhoff recently paid our coast a visit, and determined to enlighten the world about California in a book. A chapter on the Pacific Railroad and its builders is a curious one to pass into history. It is not our purpose to detract one iota from the merits of the men of nerve and enterprise who pushed the Pacific Railroad to completion; but history should be impartially written. Nordhoff speaks of "one Judah" as a sort of adventurer, whom chance threw in the way of certain enthusiastic advocates of an overland railway, residents of Sacramento. The truth ought to be told, that this Judah was an educated and accomplished civil engineer, who came to this State in 1854 with "Pacific Railroad on the brain," and spent here much of his time, energy, and money, for years, to infuse a railway-building spirit into the people of the State. He talked and wrote about a transcontinental line long, probably, before anyone on this coast seriously entertained the idea of ever investing a dollar in the project. Educated at the Troy Engineering School, and having been resident engineer on the Connecticut River Railroad from Northampton to Vernon in Massachusetts; having surveyed and built the railway from Niagara Falls to Lewiston; having occupied a position as engineer on the Erie

Canal; having been resident engineer on the Rochester and Niagara Falls Railroad; and having held the same position on the Buffalo, Corning, and New York Railroad, he was an engineer well instructed in the theory and practice of his profession, and he gave up a lucrative office to come to California to survey and build the Sacramento Valley Railroad—to inaugurate, in fact, railway building on this coast. Because of his known attainments, skill, and experience, he was chosen for the pioneer work of his profession in California. Bringing with him a corps of twelve engineers of his own selection, fully equipped, he addressed himself to the survey in April, 1854, and submitted the results of his labors, including full estimates, in the first report of the kind ever published on the Pacific Coast, on the 30th of May following. The design of the Sacramento Valley Railroad Company was to connect Sacramento with Marysville by the way of Folsom. The first section of the road, from Sacramento to Folsom, twenty-two miles in length, was finished in two years. Judah then returned East to obtain aid in the construction of a railway from San Francisco to Sacramento by the way of Benicia, a survey of which he made, publishing a report thereof in 1856, before his departure. The route varied but slightly from that on which the California Pacific, from Vallejo to Sacramento, is built.

The winter of 1856-7 was spent by Judah in the city of Washington, endeavoring to obtain a grant of land to aid in railway construction in California, principally for the road from San Francisco to Sacramento. On his return he surveyed and superintended the construction of another section of the Sacramento Valley Railroad, from Folsom to Lincoln.

Having now made himself well acquainted with the general topography of

the country, with the people and their wants, he applied himself directly to the one object nearest his heart and the height of his ambition. During the summer of 1856, he prepared and published at his own expense *A Practical Plan for Building the Pacific Railroad*—a pamphlet of some thirty pages, designed for distribution. Rarely has there been seen so much practical matter compressed in so few pages. In this pamphlet is a plan for sleeping and restaurant cars, in advance of any efforts of Pullman in the same direction. The document was dated San Francisco, January 1st, 1857, but was published in Washington. This was two and a half years before the discovery of the great silver-mines of Washoe, which more than anything else gave an impetus to the scheme to construct a railroad from the cities of the coast in an eastward direction. From this time on we find this untiring but modest gentleman spending his winters in Washington, in daily contact with the Solons of the capital, infusing into them his own spirit, furnishing data for speeches and reports if not writing them himself, and publishing memorials to attract the attention of men of means and enterprise, as well as to make the Pacific Railroad scheme a more popular measure by showing it to be a practical one. He took a prominent part in the great Pacific Railroad Convention that assembled in San Francisco in September, 1859, and was sent as the accredited agent of that body to represent at Washington the ideas of the Pacific Coast upon the railway project. He bore the memorial of that body, and exerted himself in making known its demands with great intelligence combined with a most unassuming deportment. Judah's report of his doings in Washington, of the action of Congress, and especially of the Pacific Coast representatives, was published in August, 1860. He drafted the bill which receiv-

ed the approval of our representatives, and the room furnished him in the national capitol was hung with maps, and was the head-quarters of the Pacific Railroad men in and about Washington. With all the representatives from this coast he was on the most intimate terms, and furnished them at call with all the practical knowledge he possessed. Our delegates did all that was in their power to further the great scheme, from the time it was broached in Congress until success was achieved. Gwin, Latham, and McDougall, in the Senate, and Burch, Scott, Stout, and others, were active in behalf of the great want of the western coast. But the final Congressional work was left until the Republican party came into power and was embarrassed by the most stupendous civil war of modern times.

Anticipating success with a change of administration, Judah, in 1860, explored the mountain passes in the central regions of the State, confident of the existence of a more practicable and direct line than that by the Madelin Pass, surveyed by Lieutenant Beckwith. The result was the discovery of the route of the Central Pacific road, which, as compared with that of Lieutenant Beckwith, saved a distance of 184 miles and an estimated extra cost of \$13,500,000. Judah was thus enabled to speak knowingly of the actual existence of an easy and practicable route across the Sierra. The great obstacle in the way of a trans-continental railway was now solved. The rugged heights, fearful chasms, and deep and everlasting snows that always rose before the timid Congressman with his constitutional scruples, were scaled, crossed, and had melted away. It was now known that the locomotive engine could and would pass the most difficult mountain chain that engineering skill had to conquer.

Cheered by the report of so able an engineer, the preliminary steps were

taken to organize a company under the general railroad law of the State, but the organization was not completed until June, 1861. The distance from Sacramento to the State line was estimated at 115 miles. By the terms of the law, \$1,000 per mile must be subscribed and ten per cent. paid in to effect an organization. Nordhoff, in his eagerness to give all the glory to a part of the company, and those residents of Sacramento, says one man in Nevada became a stockholder and took one share. The facts are, that of the \$115,000 subscribed to organize the company, \$46,500 were subscribed in Nevada, Grass Valley, Dutch Flat, and Illinoistown, leaving the balance to be taken in the cities which were to be the great recipients of the benefits of the enterprise. The means to make the first reconnoissances of the mountain passes were contributed by public-spirited men in the mountains. The time, effort, and money necessary to demonstrate the practicability of a direct passage across the Sierra, were given, with the single exception of Judah, by mountain men. D. W. Strong was the companion of Judah in his explorations, and the first profile of the route was made on the counter of Strong's drug-store at Dutch Flat. From the report of Judah, published at Sacramento, November 1st, 1860, it appears that at that time the mountain men had made their subscriptions, and no others. The Sacramento *Union* of November 3d, 1863, gives credit to the citizens of Nevada City as being the first to second the efforts of Mr. Judah in organizing a company, as they and other mountain men were the first to assist him in the discovery of a pass and in making reconnoissances. Nor ought the fact to go unnoticed that Mr. Judah first turned his attention to the capitalists of San Francisco to obtain coadjutors in his enterprise. It was here that he thought the company should be or-

ganized. The great commercial city should control the railway to be built. For a time there was hope, but an adverse decision was at length given, and he returned to Sacramento, saying to his friends, "These people have put away from them an honor and a prize they will never again meet in a life-time."

In 1861, Judah, not content with the examination of one route, made a reconnaissance on a route through El Dorado County, one through the Henness Pass *via* Nevada City, one by way of Yuba Gap and Downieville, and another *via* Bidwell's Bar and the Beckwourth Pass to the Truckee River. All these observations convinced the exploring parties that the direct route was the most feasible, the cheapest, and the best.

It is proper to remark, as an indication of the activity and earnestness of Judah, that, in the spring of 1859, we find him associated with A. P. Catlin, A. G. Kinsey, H. A. Thompson, and others, in running a line from Sacramento to Roseville. The company for which this work was done was called the "American River Railroad Company," and the survey was afterward used as a part of the Central Pacific Railroad line. The organization of the Central Pacific Railroad Company was finally effected in June, 1861, by the election of the following officers: Leland Stanford, President; C. P. Huntington, Vice-President; James Bailey, Secretary; Mark Hopkins, Treasurer; Theodore D. Judah, Chief Engineer: Directors—Leland Stanford, C. P. Huntington, James Bailey, E. B. Crocker, John F. Morse, Mark Hopkins, Theodore D. Judah, D. W. Strong, and Charles Marsh. Of the number, James Bailey was at first one of the most active railroad men.

By a resolution of this board, made in October of that year, Judah was sent to Washington as the agent of the company, to procure aid from the Government in bonds and lands to construct the line.

In ten months he returned with the object of his mission accomplished. The story of his labors and the action of Congress are succinctly set forth in a report to the company, dated September 1st, 1862. The history of the session of Congress of the winter of 1861-2 is important in the history of the Pacific Railroad, as well as in that of the other great issues which a gigantic rebellion had forced upon the country.

It was fortunate for the railway measure that Mr. Sargent at this time began his career as a representative of California in Congress. Young, ambitious, and indefatigable, he arrived in Washington, and was assigned by the Speaker of the House to only one of two vacancies in the committees, that of the Special Pacific Railroad Committee. In the language of Mr. Judah, "What then seemed almost like an act of hardship, in assigning a new member to *no* standing committee, but placing him on a special committee which had for many years been unsuccessful in their labors, in reality proved an act of great benefit to our future interests as well as to the State of California; for Mr. Sargent, having no other committee duties to perform, took hold of the Pacific Railroad, and devoted his time and energies almost exclusively to that subject." In January, Congress being in Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, Sargent obtained the floor, and instead of a speech on the usual slavery topic, struck out in an argument in favor of aid in the construction of a transcontinental railway. The reasons he urged were not new, but they were so forcibly put as to arouse attention and help to accomplish the result. The war of rebellion was upon the nation; Great Britain was known to covet the golden prize, California; the danger of delay, the military and postal necessities of the country; the commerce of the Indies—all were dwelt on with emphasis. That

speech virtually gave Sargent the control of the measure in the House. A meeting of the Railroad Committee was almost immediately called, at which it was decided to report favorably a bill forthwith. Sargent moved in committee the appointment of a sub-committee to prepare a bill, which was acceded to. The chairman of the committee appointed Campbell, Sargent, Franchot, and Shields as such sub-committee. But the work of preparing the bill fell upon Sargent, who, on consultation with Judah and the friends of the railway generally, drew up a bill embodying all the best features of the bill that had previously been before Congress. This, with one slight amendment, became the bill passed by the House. Sargent, Phelps, and Cradlebaugh, from this coast, were active in the passage of the bill through the House; and McDougall and Latham made efficient speeches in the Senate. Patriotism was not the sole motive in the discussion. Self and local interest cropped out all through the struggle. It was a delicate question to handle. Every section wanted to be accommodated, and sections were accommodated until enough adherents were counted to make the bill a success. The final debate began April 8th, and closed in the House May 6th by its passage—yeas, seventy-nine; nays, forty-nine. On the following day, McDougall moved its reference to the committee of which he was chairman. He called it up May 20th, but some interests had not been satisfied, and opposition arose. McDougall made several unsuccessful efforts to get the subject before the Senate. At length, Latham made an effort, and succeeded on the 11th of June. The bill passed, June 20th, by a vote of thirty-five to five, the House concurred in the Senate amendments, and nothing was wanting but the signature of President Lincoln, which was obtained on the 1st of July, 1862. Thus was accomplished a work

in legislation that had occupied the attention of Congress for more than a decade, and the spirit of which had been embodied in the platform of every political party during that whole period.

The law as drafted and enacted gave the new railway company the right of way, the odd sections of land ten miles on each side of the road, and the credit of the Government was lent to the company to the extent of \$16,000 per mile across the valley land, and treble that amount across the Sierra. The point at which the plain ceased and the mountains began was to be fixed by the president, as also the width of the track, so that the same cars could pass from the Missouri River to the Pacific. The law provided, further, for maximum grades, not to exceed 116 feet per mile, and made the bonds of the Government issued to the company a first mortgage upon the road. The features of the law were, at the time, deemed most fair, granting all that any company need ask, and at the same time furnishing ample security to the Government.

It was under such a law that the laying of the Pacific Railroad was commenced in our State. The first shovelful of dirt was thrown by Governor Stanford on the levee, at Sacramento, in January, 1863. It was a slow labor, the passage of the Sierra, and not accomplished until the end of 1867. But, a strife then began between the Central and Union Pacific companies, to finish the most road and obtain the most subsidies. In eleven months the Central built 530 miles of road, averaging fully two miles a day, and in one day laid ten miles of track; so that the whole transcontinental railway was completed in less than seven years from the passage of the bill, and but little more than six from the time the first dirt was tossed.

In looking at the grand result, we forget to notice the fact that Judah, in his engineering camps in the Sierra, was

accompanied by his wife, who herself caught trout in Donner Lake for the surveyors, and made, probably, the first sketches ever penciled of that wondrous mountain scenery, that in later days has attracted the artist and the tourist, until the whole world admires these marvels of nature. A view of Donner Pass, taken from a cove half-way down the lake, and another of Saddle-back Mountain, sketched by Mrs. Judah, were on the original stock certificates of the Central Pacific Railroad Company.

But the pioneer and master-spirit of the great work, so far as the Central Pacific is concerned, did not live to see the realization of his hopes and fortune. His ambition of years was gratified in connecting his name with a magnificent enterprise, but he saw not the fulfillment of his prophecy and labors. Going East in October, 1863, commissioned by the company to sell the franchise they had obtained to Eastern railroad men and capitalists, he contracted a fever on the Isthmus of Panama, and died in New York on one of the first days of November, at the early age of thirty-seven years.

The memory of this sterling gentleman and skillful engineer has not had its due prominence among the railway builders of the State. It was truly said of him, that "to his foresight, energy, and perseverance, is California and the nation indebted for the passage of the Pacific Railroad bill, more than to those of any other man. His facts were the foundation for the passage of the bill. The Sierra heights, clothed in almost eternal snow, rose up as a permanent obstruction before the eyes of Congressmen; it was Judah who turned them down, and dispersed the doubt—who gave assurance to representatives that the iron horse might mount, almost with ease, to their very summits." He waited upon four sessions of Congress, with his ever-ready information. He was

Secretary of the Railroad Committee of the House, and, on account of his rare knowledge and abilities as an engineer, was allowed the privilege of the floor of the two houses, that he might be able to communicate with the railway advocates, and meet with his abundant information all the objections of doubters or of the enemies of the work to which he consecrated a life.

It has been asserted that some of the prominent builders of the railway across the Sierra did not at first contemplate the construction of a part of the trans-continental highway, and there is evidence in the admission of some of the parties that such was the case. The discovery of silver in Washoe created a rush of adventurers, and a trade grew out of the developments on the famous Comstock Lode that has rarely had a parallel. Two hundred loaded teams, of six and eight mules or more, each, were not infrequently seen in a single day on the Placerville wagon-road across the mountains, and more than half as many on the Henness route. To command that trade was worth a struggle, and the railroad company made it, and won. A wagon-road was built to connect with the sections of the railway as completed, and trade and travel soon ceased to flow in the old channels.

But a new order of things was soon brought about by legislation at Washington. The credit of the Central Pacific Company, notwithstanding all that had been done by the National Government, and also by the State and several counties, in the way of subsidies, according to the statements of its leading financiers was not equal to the task of completing the work begun. A bill was brought forward in Congress, which became a law in 1864, that doubled the land-grant to the road, and, more than this, allowed the company to mortgage the road, making such mortgage take priority of the Government lien for subsi-

dies granted, thus virtually destroying the security the nation had upon the road for its benefactions. Another advantage was gained by the skill and address of a prominent Senator. By the original railroad act, as we have noticed, the President was to fix the point where the Sacramento Valley ended and the foot-hills of the Sierra begun. Judah in his report had designated Barmore's, thirty-one miles from Sacramento, as the beginning of the mountains. This corresponded with a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States made in April, 1864, in the case of the Leidesdorff grant. This grant, by Mexican authority, was bounded by the foot-hills on the east. The contestants of the grant attempted to fix the eastern boundaries at Alder Creek, eight miles nearer Sacramento. The Supreme Court decided the foot-hills commenced about thirty miles from that city. Several attempts were made by Sargent, soon after the passage of the original act, to bring the attention of Lincoln to this subject, but his constant occupation with weightier duties forced upon him by the great war prevented his action. The time, however, came in 1864, when it could no longer be delayed. As the subsidy was \$16,000 per mile over the plain and \$48,000 among the hills and mountains, it was important to the railway company that the foot-hills should begin as near as possible to Sacramento. The Senator claims the credit of moving the mountains from Barmore's to Arcade Creek, a distance of twenty-four miles. His relation of the affair to his friends is this: Lincoln was engaged with a map, when the Senator substituted another, and demonstrated by it and the statement of some geologist that the black soil of the valley and the red soil of the hills united at Arcade. The President relied on the statements given him, and decided accordingly. "Here, you see," said the Senator, "how my

pertinacity and Abraham's faith removed mountains." The difference in the subsidies received by the company from this stratagem was the nice sum of \$768,000.

Perhaps I could not more appropriately close this article than by showing from what a small beginning a great work was consummated. The Central Pacific Company was organized with a subscribed capital of \$125,000. Of this amount Huntington, Hopkins, Stanford, and Charles Crocker, who may be said to control if not own the road, subscribed \$15,000, each. These gentlemen gradually acquired most of the stock of the original subscribers, including that of Judah, who originally subscribed for and held at his death an equal amount of stock with the highest of the others. But the whole was but an insignificant sum for so great an enterprise. The Government gave in bonds, in round numbers, \$6,000,000; the State gave \$105,000 a year for twenty years—in all, \$2,100,000, about half of which has been already paid; San Francisco subscribed \$600,000, to be taken in stock in the company, but afterward compromised by the payment of \$400,000 gratuity; Sacramento took \$300,000, and Placer \$250,000, in stock. Governments, national, State, and county, thus aided the railroad company to the amount of nearly \$8,000,000, besides donations of about 2,000,000 acres of land. This applies only to that part of the road within the limits of California, from Sacramento to the eastern boundary of the State.

When we take into consideration the small amount originally subscribed by the magnates of the Central Pacific, and the fact that the same company built and virtually owns the extension of the overland road from the Sierra to Ogden; controls the road from San Francisco to San José, and on down the coast; that from San José to Sacramento; the one

up the San Joaquin and also up the Sacramento Valley; the one from Vallejo to Sacramento; and the one to Calistoga—in fact, with but an exception or two, and those of small consequence, all the

railway lines of California—we must come to the conclusion that “tall oaks from little acorns grow,” and that this system of railways has been under consummate management from the first.

BLOOMSBURY LODGINGS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH is one of the bald spots in London. There are not many such in that overgrown, overpopulated, overcast city, and I was glad when I found, after a ten-days' toss at sea betwixt Sandy Hook and Holyhead, that I had stranded on a shoal of suburban villas boasting four several chimes of high-church bells and an aristocracy of its own.

Every villa has its brick-walled garden, its pair of towering gate-posts with great balls on the top of them, and a given name much too pretty to be ignored; though the catalogue is so long, no one save only the postman hopes to familiarize himself with it.

The bells tolled the quarter-hours with such deliberation on that first night in Hampstead that I despaired of the arrival of dawn; but in the course of nature I dropped asleep in a strange bed that seemed not to have been slept in for ages.

I hate strange beds in strange rooms; they are so horribly empty that it is impossible for any single gentleman to more than half inhabit them. Do not think me ungrateful; I acknowledge that a large engraving of the death of Nelson hung on the mantel in an oaken frame; I confess that I had two toilet-sets, where one would have been quite enough for a fellow of my simple tastes; there were also a school of rooks in the chimney, and a half-suppressed riot

among the children in the next room—whose number I know not to this hour, but I should say twenty or thirty at least, all whispering at once and then suddenly stopping as if they had, been throttled, but recovering again in season to renew their jubilee, and launch disconnected sentences into the middle of my room through a hollow key-hole in a big square lock on the door.

For all this, I was deucedly lonesome! At day-break I arose, looked out upon the respectable street that seemed to run through the middle of an eternal Sunday, and then to my amazement the four chimes agreed in chorus that it was nine A. M., and not a moment earlier.

I was dumfounded; the opaque, mid-winter sky was a delusion; these Londoners might as well have built under a weather-stained canvas for all the light they get from heaven at this season.

With the utmost haste I repaired to the station, and took the train for Fleet Street. I had resolved upon an immediate change of base. At the office of the *Saturday Frolic* I was sure to get important letters, and this was a joyful prospect for a man who has not had the exquisite pleasure of breaking a seal for a whole fortnight. The anxious landlady at the Heath had warned me against the bad air of the city; heaven be praised that she was not doomed to soil the snowy streamers fluttering from her widow's cap, in the foggy foulness of

that district. She sought to beguile me, to dissuade me from my fell purpose; she besought me not to be misled by the evil advice of the tempters I should be sure to fall in with so soon as I deserted the serene shades of Hampstead; but I went out manfully, took carriage by the underground road, and was instantly plunged into pitchy darkness that was dense enough to leave a bad taste in the mouth. You see, I had been salting my lungs so lately, that when I came to smoke them the double cure rather overdid the business.

The vast convenience and the unutterable gloom of these intestinal railways left me, after ten minutes of dingy suspense, in a state of perplexity bordering on Fleet Street, which was just what I desired; and I had no sooner come to the surface in London proper than I ran against Temple Bar!

For a moment, I could think of nothing but the top-cover of the old pink magazine; but I next thought of my letters, and at once began climbing up the street, by the house-numbers, until I came to the office of the *Frolic*.

I was quite at home, of course; everybody is at home there. I threw myself upon a lounge that nearly engulfed me, and every spring of which shrieked out at each rudeness on my part, while I opened my letters one after the other, with the utmost deliberation. Now that I had them in hand, I believe I could have played with them for a whole week, quite satisfied to gloat over their superscriptions and wonder what news could possibly be awaiting me within. There was nothing of interest to anyone outside of the family. Tom had gone off again—you don't know Tom—but he had gone off again without waiting for an introduction; he is always going off somewhere or another, and seems to come home for the sole purpose of taking a fresh start. Nell was slowly recovering from an illness of which I had never

dreamed—you see, I had dodged my letters over in America, and here they were, having accumulated under all sorts of dates. Henry's baby was teething as usual—Henry's baby does nothing but teeth from one year's end to the other. Sixthly and lastly, J——, the capital J——, wrote me in his rustic and almost unintelligible hand. J—— wrote from the beautiful mountains of *somewhere*, but a stone's throw from the classical *something*, I could not make out exactly what, but it did not matter; before I could answer his letter he would be some other where. J—— was melancholy as usual—the blue-J——, I called him—and like all melancholy travelers he was skipping over the continent in the liveliest fashion. J—— said to me, "*Go at once into Bloomsbury Lodgings and pitch your tent in my room.*" That was only J——'s confounded poetry of speech; he didn't mean that there was no roof to the house, and that I must camp out on his floor. Hang J——'s phraseology! Now just listen to this: "*My ship blows eastward, and when the wind fills your sails again, follow after me, for there is peace under the palms!*" The truth is, J—— was high and dry somewhere in Germany or Italy, and that is his way of informing a fellow of the fact. Again, "*Gordon will welcome you to the House of Mysteries in Museum Street; Josie will post you as to everything; God bless you, my boy, and farewell!*"—then followed a signature that looked as if it had been written by a real blue-jay with his tail-feathers dipped in ink.

So Gordon was to meet me at the house of mysteries, and, as a stranger, give me welcome. I wondered what manner of creature Gordon might be, and overcome with wonderment, dived into a Hansom cab, and headed for Bloomsbury.

I suppose you know that Bloomsbury has seen its best days. There was a time when the square had a town to it,

but that was long ago; and now, if you want to see respectable nonentities who go about the streets like mourners—I do not mean your professional wailers, who cast a shadow even when there is no sunshine, but subdued people, without malice, without guile, without anything to distinguish them or distress them—just take a turn up Oxford Street toward High Holborn, and drop off in Bloomsbury Parish.

You must not go too far along Museum Street, for it presently sloughs its last vestige of humble respectability and becomes dreary Drury Lane. There is where we kept our human curiosities, or tried to, though some of them refused to be caged.

The flying horse in the Hansom having whirled me through deep, dark streets, wherein everybody and everything looked all of a mouse-color, suddenly planted himself before a perfectly blank and expressionless house, not twenty paces from Oxford Street, and there he rocked to and fro and blew off twin columns of steam from a pair of nostrils that actually gasped for breath. I alighted; entered an apology for a hall that was open upon the street, read the hopeful name of Gordon on a large brass door-plate, and then rapped for admittance.

I gave, for evident reasons, the popular gentleman's rap, which consists of a sharp and prolonged tremor, as if the teeth of the knocker were chattering with the cold, and concludes with a decisive and uncompromising thump. You may hope for nothing after that, save a possible repetition of the same characteristic rat-tat-too in case after a gentlemanly interval there is no response.

I had time to observe that the stone threshold of the street-door was scrupulously clean—I began to like Gordon; that in the corners of the door there were little dust-drifts—I suspended judgment for a moment; the brass door-

knob was a blaze of light, the key-hole wreathed itself with a garland of undeniable finger-stains—my mind wavered. Evidently, Gordon was a queer fellow, but a man is ever a poor housekeeper; Gordon might be one of the inexplicables of this house of mysteries. I heard a pair of shoes—the shoes that are worn down-at-the-heel—climbing steps that must have been steep, from the sound; it was evident that some form of life was rising painfully out of the cellar. A hand groped over half the door on the inner side, and twice struck the knob with some violence before it was secured; the door swung open a little doubtfully, and an old-young face or a young-old face, I hardly know which, looked up at me with a delighted expression, as if I were a bright episode unexpectedly happening on the very brink of her cellar life. Was this the Gordon and a woman? No; this was only Mrs. Bumps, the char-woman. "O! I thought I might be speaking to the landlady!" "By no manner of means," said Mrs. Bumps, smiling a smile that was emphasized with three sentinel teeth stationed on the blank wall of her upper gum. Those teeth seemed to grow longer and more lonesome while I watched them with unwilling eyes. Mrs. Bumps annoyed me; her shoulders were much broader than was necessary in a woman who had no height at all; her back was too full, and this made her look as if her head had been set on wrong-side before. Mrs. Bumps couldn't help all this—who said she could?—but she needn't be so horribly good-natured over it, as if it were rather a blessing than otherwise. Perhaps Mrs. Bumps was a mystery; she looked like one. Well, she tumbled back into the cellar, and in a moment ushered up Gordon.

Gordon was a woman and a widow, but she had been a widow so many years she was grown quite natural again. I was welcomed at once. I was led, or

rather driven, up three flights of stairs by the two women, who gave me chase; at the last floor I paused and awaited my pursuers. Gordon ushered me into a pretty room—J——'s little nest, with two deep windows looking out on a regiment of chimney-pots on the roof of the house opposite. J——'s trunk was in the corner. J—— molts something wherever he goes; I wonder that there is anything left of him.

Mrs. Bumps would kindle my fire at once, though it was not bitter cold; Gordon would pay the cabby at the door, and on the morrow I would rescue my luggage from the covetous chamber at Hampstead. As for the next hour or two, I had resolved that it should be sacred to nothing at all; so I buried myself in J——'s big easy-chair, and strove fervently to compose my soul in peace.

My peace was small. Mrs. Bumps kindled the fire as only a London char-woman can; she built it of next to nothing, and made it burn in spite of a head-wind and a heavy swell—I was the heavy swell in this case. Mrs. Bumps threw herself before the grate in the attitude of prayer, and with a corner of her wide apron in each hand she wrestled with the elements. Had Mrs. Bumps intended to exhaust the atmosphere of the room, she could not have labored more diligently. As an amateur scientist, I was deeply interested in the result of this experiment; and, therefore, with my chin propped upon my clenched fists, I breathlessly awaited developments. Mrs. Bumps rolled her small black eyes toward me, though her knotty profile was still in hold relief, and I felt that I was being carefully scrutinized by the queer little woman whose extraordinary optics were by this time so disarranged that one seemed to have worked itself round over her ear, while the other lodged on the bridge of her nose.

Twice was Mrs. Bumps enveloped in a smoke-cloud that belched out of the

chimney like a personal insult; twice she spewed the thing out of her mouth, while with Christian resignation, having been smitten on the one cheek, she turned to it the other. No doubt she deserved some credit for her forbearance, though that sort of thing is quite in her line of business. By and by Mrs. Bumps, having established a lukewarm flame in one corner of the grate, withdrew to the door, turned about two or three times, as if she had forgotten the way out, caught her wind-sail—I mean her apron—on a key of colossal proportions that shot out of the lock like a small battering-ram, and then courtesied herself out of the room as if the lintel of the door-frame was much too low for her.

I was at last alone, and had nothing to do but realize it. I heard the long, loud thunder of Oxford Street, a peal that crashes for three-and-twenty hours without stopping; a million rushing feet stormed upon the pavements within a stone's-throw of my little solitude. How vastly different it was from the sepulchral solemnity of Hampstead, with its Established Church bells ringing their tedious changes. Those bells always exasperated me, simply because they were Established. I fear that compulsory creeds are a mistake—of course, I refer to all creeds save my own! While I was rapidly drifting toward infidelity, with a pack of church-going bells at my heels, there came a rap at my door.

It was Gordon again. I have observed that Gordon is apt to split a revery like a wedge, and that Mrs. Bumps, God bless her! would smoke you out of house and home if you only gave her time. Gordon, with her ever-watchful eye, had come to cover the tracks of the char-woman, and the char-woman, in a perpetual state of morbid expectation—as if she knew something awful were about to happen, which, however, it had failed to do up to date—dropped in behind her

mistress with a scared look in her face.

I wondered if one of the household mysteries was about to be revealed, when Gordon, with the air of a baroness very much reduced, said, "Was there anything you was wanting, sir?"—so wording it, that I felt it was then too late to get it, let me want it never so much. I shook at her the unutterable "No!" that was too deep for speech, and wished with all my heart that she was in Halifax, which I believe is also an English possession. Heaven forbid that I, in my selfish desires for the quiet for which I am quite willing to pay liberally, should deprive Her Majesty of one faithful subject! Gordon was not yet satisfied. "Would I like to have Josie sent up?"—as if Josie was something to be brought in on a platter. "O yes, send Josie up!" replied I, resolving that Josie's bones should be taken down again as soon as my appetite was sated. The imperious Gordon merely waved her hand like a wand, and Mrs. Bumps fled from the room. I heard her clattering down the stairs as if she were descending in two parts; at any rate, she seemed to be hastening on in her stocking-feet, while her shoes followed after her from mere force of habit.

Gordon tarried. She moved everything in the room, and replaced it, with the air of one who is doing you the greatest possible favor. Why—ah! why—must Gordon be an idiot? Was it not enough that Josie was put upon me as if I was an unprincipled widower who is at last cornered and saddled with a long-neglected child? I knew what Josie was; you could not mislead me twice on names, and as I took Gordon for a man and lost, must I take Josie for a girl? By no means. I knew what Josie was: he was one of those white-faced, white-haired, white-eyed, white-livered boys, who ought to have been girls all the time, and had a mighty narrow escape as it was; an overpetted,

overfed youngster, who had an abundance of unchecked childish impudence and a knack of getting the best of you in the long run. For this reason he was not only tolerated but made much of; for this reason he was beloved, and belittled, and called "Josie" instead of Joseph. If the child had had one particle of color in his character, he would have been a *Joe* and a Godsend. It is hard to catch me on a name, my intuitions are so remarkable. Gordon did not turn me out of the big chair to see if it was all right, or whether or not I needed anything done to me. She would have come to us next, but for the sound of voices on the stairs. Gordon went to the door—the door that opens so awkwardly, you are sure to get in a tangle between it and the bed—and there was, of course, a predicament for a moment, during which I secretly rejoiced, and then Gordon said, with the insufferable air of one who is conscious of giving you the best of a bargain, "Well, sir, here is Josie!"

I turned toward the little imp. There stood a child with a round baby-face, full of curious inquiry; exquisitely sensitive lips of the brightest scarlet glowed in brilliant contrast to the milky whiteness of the skin; brown, drowsy eyes, under the shadow of those half-awakened lids that one looks for in childhood only, seemed to be saying all the time, "I wonder what you are like—ah, I do wonder what you are like!" Yet Josie was no child; her form was womanly. I believe I told you she was a woman; you know I was sure of it all the while. Even the jaunty sailor jacket, with its broad flannel collar trimmed with big anchors, could not hide the full and graceful curves of the exceedingly feminine figure. But I wonder why that face had forgotten to mature while the trim little figure under it was growing so womanly?

Josie came forward at once and put

out a white hand that was too small to be shaken much, and said something which I am sure must have been pleasant, but I was too embarrassed to notice it. Having seen us both safely seated, the elders withdrew. I must say Gordon's patronage was a little offensive; and as for Mrs. Bumps' inexpressible joy over our union, it was positively exasperating. Why were two such people combined against my peace of mind in Bloomsbury Lodgings? Ah, there was the mystery!

Josie and I, alone with ourselves, were at once familiar. Josie had heard all about me from the personal recollections of J—; and I played that Josie's name had been a household word in our family ever since I could remember. We were both delighted, and confessed as much, as if it were quite the thing to gush at first sight. The fire had gone out; Josie was the first to notice it, and she insisted upon rekindling it herself, although I was quite warm enough without it. It was as pretty as a picture to see those two little hands fishing out the big black lumps of coal, and when she took hold of a hot piece, now and then, she dropped it with the dearest little scream that made me shiver with horror. It was great fun! Once, while her slender white fingers were dipping into the ugly grate, I told her they looked to me like dainty silver tongs, but she did not seem to notice it, and perhaps it was not much to say, after all.

When everything was ready, we lit the fire with a whole newspaper, that required much careful watching, or we might have been destroyed like the martyrs, and so we both watched it with our two heads close together. The fire was a great success. I never before knew what fun it is to make a fire. It must be quite delightful to be a charwoman or a stoker. But I found that it makes a fellow hungry, and so, as it was

Josie's business to "post" me, I inquired about dinner. Gordon, when desired, furnished dinners on the shortest notice, in a fellow's room. Would Gordon double the dinner, and lay the cloth for two? Gordon would do that very thing with an ease that looked like sleight-of-hand. Would Josie join a fellow in his frugal repast? Josie would, if she were likely to afford any pleasure by so doing. Well, what did she like best in the world?—I meant that was eatable. She liked just what I liked, and did not seem to care a farthing for anything else. Did you ever in your life hear of anything so lucky and so strange? We both rung for Mrs. Bumps; we both reached the bell-pull at the same moment: somehow we kept thinking of the same things in the same way all the evening, and when the secret was out we laughed in chorus and wondered how it ever happened. Mrs. Bumps dropped into the room on top of a thundering rap at the door that was quite startling; Mrs. Bumps dropped out again, with an order for eggs and bacon, tea and toast, and a cold rice-pudding with lots of raisins in it, on her mind. Josie and I set the table. All the books, and papers, and pens went up on the bureau; out of a small locker that seemed to have suddenly appeared at one side of the chimney came table-cloth, table-mats, and napkins as big as towels; out of another locker, on the other side—whose discovery was also magical—Josie reached me tea-pot, tea-cups, saucers, and plates. In a box under the sofa we found knives, forks, and spoons. The sugar-bowl was in the top drawer of the bureau; the caster was in the hall. It was quite like being wrecked on a desert island, everything was so convenient. I asked Josie if she had read *Foul Play*? She was guiltless; but, before I could begin to tell her how nice it was, Mrs. Bumps threw her head in at the door to inquire what we would have for dinner. Poor

thing!—poor, poor thing! How I pitied her! She had forgotten that the bill of fare had been intrusted to her half an hour before; for on her way down-stairs in her mind she digested everything therein, and, of course, thought no more about it. Presently she remembered us, and thinking we might be getting hungry—for children are always doing something of that kind, and Mrs. Bumps looked upon us as little better than sucklings—she came up to inquire if we would eat at once or wait until some other time. Mrs. Bumps leaves everything unfinished and tumbles headlong into a new task with an energy that is appalling. She never completes anything; she goes her round of duties, taking a stitch in each, and flying from one to another, like a bee that makes a great deal too much noise for the amount of honey she gathers. Mrs. Bumps retired with a second edition of our *menu*, and in due season dinner arrived.

The gas was lighted; J——'s little nest was as warm and cozy as possible; while without the streets were choked with dull, grimy fog. I looked out upon the blurred lamps that grew smaller and fainter, and ended at last in a long line of sparks. Hosts of shadows moved to and fro under a sky that seemed to rest on the roofs of the houses. What a roar there was, notwithstanding that the crowd looked rather unsubstantial. What a clatter of wheels, a snapping of whips, a shouting of drivers. It occurred to me that I should never be able to breathe freely in a city so densely populated that there actually does not seem room for one more. I turned from the window, shook out the warm red curtains with white fringes, and seated myself at the head of the table, quite like a family man. Could anything have been jollier, I wonder! Josie made the tea, I passed the bacon and eggs, and when we came to the rice-pudding, which was actually black in the face with raisins,

we were quite too happy for anything. We wheeled back to the fire. With my utmost skill I rolled two cigarettes, and then paused for a moment. Would Josie join me in a quiet smoke?—the best thing for digestion, you know, and there is nothing that so preys upon the English mind as digestion. Yes; Josie would smoke, and puff faint white clouds out of a pair of dainty nostrils, to my intense and entire satisfaction. Then we chattered like magpies—with a difference, for the magpies of my acquaintance keep saying the same thing over and over again, while we said everything that we could think of.

It came out that Josie was somebody's independent little sister, who, from choice, had taken her case into her own hands, and managed it very creditably. She had much time to herself, and therefore, being a warm-hearted and thoughtful little creature, she did what she could to bring sunshine into the lives of the Bloomsbury lodgers. She told me of a certain count, a refugee, who lived on a wonderfully small pension and had a crest on his visiting-card; and of a baron, bent double with age, and learning, and rheumatism, who translated great books for great publishers. When she first mentioned these people of distinction, I began to fear that she moved in the higher circles, and I was half disappointed, for when one comes upon a sweet wild-rose one hates to discover that its roots are packed in a china pot. But there was no cause for regret. The count and the baron were in Bloomsbury Lodgings—yea, under the very same roof with us.

"Well, what else?" asked I, getting interested.

"O, there was the 'Diana of Song' on the first floor. She had an invalid husband whom she supported, and therefore she hunted harmonies at one of the music-halls in Oxford Street. There was the ill-bred American, second-floor

back, who was always complaining and giving Gordon no end of trouble. Then there was Junius, the journalist—a good American—whose right to the second-floor back was undisputed, but as he was away in the country, the insufferable other party was afflicting the premises for the time being. Junius was expected back shortly; for no one who has once known London can long keep out of it."

"And what is the mystery connected with the house?"

"Mystery!" Josie had never dreamed of such a thing in London. At that moment there came three distinct thumps on the wall over my bed. I turned to Josie, and said "Sh-h-sh!" in a voice that was blood-curdling. These supernatural manifestations are not agreeable when one is away from home. Josie laughed, and assured me that the lodger in the next room was always banging something with his poker. The conversation subsided. I began to feel uncomfortable, not on account of the mystery that hung over the house, but because I had nothing else to do, and it was absolutely necessary that I should do something. The fire burned cheerily; it were vain to stir it, or to refer to it in any way. The gas did not shriek

at the top of its bent. Nobody dropped in upon us. What could I do?

You see, it had occurred to me that it was not exactly the correct thing for us to be sitting up in that lonely room. The sudden conviction that had forced itself upon my—conscience, shall I say?—that we were a rather improper young couple whose reputations were at stake, threw me entirely off my guard. I felt that something must be done, and I said, with assumed calmness, "Josie, shall we go to the pantomime?" Josie was "agreeable;" I do not believe she could be anything else under any circumstances whatever. The Christmas spectacles were still "on," and we ran over the tempting catalogue of novelties for the evening, finally selecting the one which seemed to promise the most for a shilling. Josie put on her sailor hat and looked like a female smuggler. I waited at the street-door with an umbrella—for, sooner or later, you must come to it in this country—and then, with Josie's plump little glove tucked away in the corner of my elbow, I began to wonder if I was bettering our case, though I confess it did not trouble me so much after that; and, with light steps and happy hearts, we went out into the great world together.

ST. AUGUSTIN, BISHOP OF HIPPO:

A GLANCE AT THE STRUGGLE OF HIS LIFE.

A READER participates in the excitement of the combatants, when poring over graphic descriptions of various battle-fields, upon the issue of which the destinies of empires and of whole races depended. The interest excited by the secret workings of popular movements, of the political combinations made by the rulers of states, or by the scientific researches pursued in the closet

of the student, is greater still—as these offer to us a picture of the rational part of man subjecting and ruling the movements of matter or the events of accident. But what can surpass, what equal the intense feelings of breathless expectancy and respectful awe that overpower us, when we contemplate a mind, a heart, a soul, struggling and grappling, no more with the tendencies of gross

matter, but with its own ideas and memories, yearnings and habits, passions and whole being. The enemy is your own self, the battle-ground the secret corner of the heart, the artifices of war as varied as the keys of your emotions, the changes of front as rapid as the flashes of your thought. And when to the interest that any such individual mortal combat may inspire is attached the thought and certainty that the one before us is the faithful picture of a conflict enduring for ages, not in one man alone, but in millions of men at issue with themselves, and that moreover upon the issue of this single individual duel the fate of generations is dependent—that it is a turning-point in history, a climax of thought, a breaking-up of an old order of things, a building-up of a new—who can undervalue, as a mere psychological and historical study the conversion and life of St. Augustin? Of all his great contemporaries in the episcopal dignity, he alone, after years of doubt and scepticism, folly and misery, had abandoned the deities of his forefathers, the teachings of the philosophers, to become a most ardent worshiper of “that Galilean” and the most subtle teacher of the new Christian school. And although some surpassed him in eloquence, like Basil and Chrysostom; others in antiquated learning, like Ephrem, Epiphanius, and Jerome; others in the science of ruling men, like the two Cyrils and the great Ambrose; and all of them in the political importance of their sees and the courtly splendor and extent of their fields of action, yet he, pre-eminently, has been handed down to posterity as a most perfect, versatile, and ever-living doctor of the church. The great Abbot Bernard, Anselm and Thomas of Aquinas, Luther and Bossuet, Leibnitz and Pascal, at this apparently inexhaustible fountain crowned their store of learning, and were inspired with their vastest and

most affecting thoughts and turns of expression. For he, in an exceeding degree, had fought the battle of a brave man in his own heart, only to succumb before justice and truth. As he has himself said: “*Deum et animam scire cupio nihilne plus? Nihil omnino.*” (Sol. I., 7.)

Aurelius Augustianus, the son of Patricius and Monica, was born in the year 354 A. C., at Thagaste, now Tejetl. First of all in his native town, later in the cities of Madaura and Carthage, he prepared himself by classical studies for the office of a teacher of rhetoric. From the few obliterated ruins in the present kingdoms of Tripolis, Tunis, and Algeria, we can only with difficulty form an idea of the life, activity, opulence, commerce, and refinement of the inhabitants of the ancient provinces of Numidia and Africa. The population consisted of Roman colonists, Greek merchants, and African natives, all imbued with the characteristic features of their nationalities. The despotic conquerors of the world favored the pagan religion of their great country. The Greeks, drawn thither by commerce from Athens, Alexandria, and Cyrene, carried with them the teachings and subtleties of the innumerable philosophers of the academies. The native Africans, weighed down by years of oppression and imperfectly educated in dialectic sophistry, looked for instruction toward the Athens of the East and of Africa, the true Babel of learning, Alexandria. In Alexandria, as in the whole of Egypt, were to be found the two extremes of human superstition—a most vulgar and low fetishism, and the most elevated and sublime mysticism. Thus every shade, every degree of human belief or credulity could find on that vast scale a point of departure, and the country was the birthplace and stronghold of all kinds of sects, systems, and heresies for several centuries.

Through this kaleidoscope of nations and creeds, combining and recombining themselves about him, we must view, to understand, the nature and character of Augustin. There was in him the fiery, passionate, and superstitious Southern blood, which early in youth led to sensual extravagance, and later to the most ardent love of his new deity, and which gave a glow of earnestness, zeal, and almost violence to all his actions and to all his writings. A classical education and Greek philosophy inspired him with an unbounded admiration for the treasures of literature, accustomed him to poise his mind delicately between imperceptible differences of words and ideas, and threw open all the riches of the dialectics of the ancients. Both qualities, however—one of character or birth, the other of reason or education—were tempered by the sound and practical judgment of his Roman blood, which, besides a speculative and passionate thinker, made him the most active and useful of practical teachers and guides. A poet at heart, he had a philosopher's mind, and the sagacity in action of a prætor. Over and above all towered that incomprehensible thing called genius, by which all the powers of his mind and qualities of his heart were electrified.

In Carthage, the time of Augustine was divided between studying and teaching eloquence, poetry (of which he was publicly crowned the champion in the amphitheatre by the Prætor Vindecinus), astrology, and the mysticism of the Manichean sect. The eloquent words of Cicero in the *Hortensius* weaned him away from all minor objects, to fix his mind on the pursuit of philosophy, the true and the ideal, the certain and the sublime. The schools flourishing at that time were the Neopythagoreans, the Pythagorizing Platonists, and especially the Jewish-Greek and Neo Platonists; all being theosophic. The previous de-

velopment of Greek philosophy itself was alone sufficient to produce this last feature in them; when physical and mental investigation had ended, either in remodeling and blending together the great former systems into a new one, *i. e.*, eclecticism; or had led men to doubt in regard to all of them, and in regard to the cognoscibility of anything, *i. e.*, skepticism. This state of Greek philosophy could not but induce a greater susceptibility to oriental influences than had hitherto existed, and such influences did operate in no insignificant measure to determine the form and substance of the speculation of the period. But there were also internal causes which produced a leaning toward a mystical theology. The feeling of alienation from the gods, and the yearning after a higher revelation, were universal characteristics of the last centuries of the ancient world; this yearning was in the first place but an expression of the consciousness of the decline of classical nations and culture. This same feeling of exhaustion and of yearning after extraneous aid, accompanied as it was by a diminished power of original thought, led in speculation to sympathy with the oriental tendency to conceive God as the transcendent rather than as the immanent cause of the world, and to regard self-abnegation as the essential form of morality; while under the same influence, special emphasis was placed on the kindred elements in Greek, and especially in the Platonic, philosophy. Plato's attempt to translate oriental mysticism into scientific speculation ends in Neoplatonism, with a retranslation of thought into images. Neoplatonism is a philosophy of syncretism. And, even granting that theosophic speculation, in comparison with the investigation of nature and man, may appear as the higher and more important work, still, Neoplatonism remains decidedly inferior to its precursors in the earlier Greek philosophy,

since it did not solve its problem with the same measure of scientific perfection with which they solved theirs.

Augustin, dissatisfied with the Manichean system; a follower of Neoplatonism, yet yearning after the ideal of the Peripatetics; greedy for the supernatural doctrines of his times; believing, or rather disbelieving and doubting everything with the Skeptics, and thoroughly unhappy, fled from home and his mother to Rome. Thence, through the influence and special recommendation of the celebrated Symmachus, he was appointed teacher of a school of rhetoric in the imperial city of Milan. Here he was affectionately received by the great Archbishop Ambrose. He attended many of his sermons, and though, scholar-like, finding fault with the eloquence tainted with barbarism, he yet was struck by the zeal of the pastor and the active life of a Christian bishop and a Christian prætor. The living example of this man's virtues, and the reading of the Scriptures, gradually prepared the mind of Augustin for the great change. An inexplicable incident of a child ordering him to take and read the letters of the Apostle of the Gentiles, precipitated his resolution. He resigned his pulpit, withdrew with his mother and a select company of intimate friends to Cassiciacum, a country-seat of his wealthy patron Verecundus, and there solved, to his satisfaction, the mystery of all philosophies.

It is in his own works, written in that seclusion, that we must look for the authentic picture of the doubts, the conflict, the surrender, the triumph, the whole history of his passions and of his thoughts. He ponders on his life and all the past ages that have rolled before him; calls to his aid every branch of knowledge, reason, languages, history, dialectics, music, poetry, geometry, and astronomy. No phenomenon in nature, no shade of emotion, no flight of the

imagination, no subtlety of reason, escapes his searching and scrutinizing eye. He meditates and prays, asks women for instruction and becomes the docile pupil of his own disciples. The nights are spent in sleepless waking, the days in arduous mental labor. At last reason and faith, the possible and impossible, the finite and infinite, are blended together in his soul. His burning heart spurns the mechanical scales of logic, and flies on the wings of love heavenward. His religion is the personal ardor for God which is the characteristic devotion of a philosopher.

In his works, the fruit of his mental labors, Augustin seeks to demonstrate, in opposition to the skeptical Academics, the existence of a necessary element in knowledge. It is a characteristic feature of his discussion of this subject, that he does not begin with the question of the origin of knowledge, but with the question whether the possession of truth is one of our wants, or whether without it happiness is possible; or, in other words, that he proceeds not genetically, but teleologically. He affirms that without the true, the probable is unattainable, which yet the Academics held to be attainable; and then that the true, to which the probable is similar—this similarity constituting the essence of the probable—is the only standard by which the probable can be known. He then remarks that no one can be wise without wisdom; and that every definition of wisdom which excludes knowledge from the idea of wisdom, and makes the latter equivalent to the mere confession of ignorance and to abstinence from all assent, identifies wisdom with nullity or with the false, and is, therefore, untenable. But if knowledge belongs to wisdom, then it belongs also to happiness, for only the wise man is happy. He who lightly pretends to the name of the wise man without possessing the knowledge of truth—indeed, denying the pos-

sibility of a knowledge of it—can hardly be a desirable guide, either through this world or to another.

Seeking, in opposition to skepticism, an indubitable certitude, as a point of departure for all philosophical investigation, Augustin finds it—in his work, *Contra Academicos*—in the proposition that our sensible perceptions are at least subjectively true. In the nearly synchronous work, *De Beata Vita*, he lays down the principle which has been so fruitful to philosophy, that it is impossible to doubt one's own living existence. This principle, in the *Soliloquia* (II., 1), is expressed in this form: "Thought, and therefore the existence of the thinker, are the most certain of all things"—"*Tu, qui vis te nosse, scis esse te? Scio. Unde scis? Nescio. Simplicem te sentis an multiplicem? Nescio. Moveri te scis? Nescio. Cogitare te scis? Scio.*" The famous axiom of Descartes, "I think, therefore I am," is nothing evidently but a succinct and imperfect statement of the above. In like manner, Augustin concludes (*De Lib. Arb.* II., 7), from the possibility of our being deceived (*falli posse*), the fact of our existence, and makes being, life, and thought co-ordinate.

Faith, in the most general sense, says Augustin (*De Prædestin. Sanctor.* 5), is assenting to an idea. That which we know we also believe; but not all that we believe are we able immediately to know; faith is the way to knowledge. When we reflect upon ourselves, we find in ourselves not only sensations but also an internal sense, which makes of the former its objects, and finally reason, which knows both the internal sense and itself. That which judges is always superior to that which is judged; but that according to which judgment is rendered is also superior to that which judges. The human reason perceives that there is something higher than itself; for it is changeable, now knowing,

now not knowing; now seeking after knowledge, now not; now correctly, now incorrectly judging; but the truth itself, which is the norm according to which it judges, must be unchangeable. If thou findest thy nature to be changeable, rise above thyself, to the eternal source of the light of reason. Even if thou only knowest that thou doubtest, thou knowest what is true. But nothing is true, unless truth exists. Hence it is impossible to doubt the existence of the truth itself. Nothing higher than it can be conceived, for it includes all true being. It is identical with the highest good, in virtue of which all inferior goods are good in their degree. And this unchangeable truth and highest good is the God of Augustin.

The distinction of quality and substance is inapplicable to Him. God falls under no one of the Aristotelian categories. In the case of bodies, substance and attribute are different; even the soul, if it should ever become wise, will become so only by participation in the unchangeable wisdom itself, with which it is not identical. But in beings whose nature is simple—beings which are ultimate, and original, and truly divine—the quality does not differ from the substance, since such beings are divine, wise, and happy in themselves, and not by participation in something foreign to them.

The soul is immaterial. There are found in it only functions, such as thought, knowledge, will, and remembrance, but nothing which is material. It is a substance or subject, and not a mere attribute of the body. It feels each affection of the body at that point where the affection takes place; it is, therefore, wholly present both in the entire body and in each part of it; whereas the corporeal is with each of its parts only in one place. The immortality of the soul follows, according to this philosophy, from its participation in immu-

table truth and from its essential union with the eternal reason and with life.

The cause of evil is to be found in the will, which turns aside from the higher to the inferior. Not that the inferior, as such, is evil, but to decline to it from the higher is evil. The evil will works that which is evil, but is not itself moved by any positive cause; it has no *causa efficiens*, but only a *causa deficiens*. Evil is not a substance or nature (essence), but a marring of nature (of the essence) and of the good—a defect, a privation, or loss of good—an infraction of integrity, of beauty, of happiness, of virtue. Where there is no violation of good there is no evil. Evil, therefore, can only exist as an adjunct of good, and that not of the immutably but only of the mutably good. An absolute good is possible, but absolute evil is impossible.

We can not follow Saint Augustin's meditations any farther, without entering upon the domain of the dogmas of Christianity. He had reached the goal of his studies, broken the chain of pagan ideas in his mind by the most profound and serious reasoning, and, bringing throughout human learning to co-operate with divine faith, he became the eminent Christian philosopher of his age. And now that he had found the long-wished-for truth and happiness, the object of his ardent and loving nature was changed from sensual pursuits to the possession of righteousness; his whole nature was chastened and purified. At Easter, in 387, he received baptism from the hands of Ambrosius himself, and left Italy for his native country, where his talents and fame rapidly rais-

ed him to the episcopal see in the city of Hippo Regius. Here he actively occupied himself with the duties of his station; preached, held public disputes with heretics, wrote against the Manicheans, Donatists, Pelagians, and Semi-Pelagians, corresponded with all the leading men of his age, journeyed like an apostle, ruled and protected his church and city; carrying everywhere the mildness and humility, the generosity and forbearance, the self-abnegation and power over himself and all who approached him, which he had learned in the seclusion of Cassiciacum. Full of glory, virtues, and renown, he died at the age of seventy-six, in the year 430 A. C., in his episcopal city, and among his flock, which he had nobly refused to abandon before the invading Vandal hordes.

Shortly before his death, he found time to write the most original, if not the best, of all his numerous works—his *Confessions*. In it, in words and images whose poetry, richness, grandeur, and pathos baffle all mere description, he recapitulates the chain of his thoughts and ideas, link after link, and year after year. All the false theorems with which he had sought to palliate his excesses in youth; the agony and despair of a noble soul yearning after the true, the good, and the beautiful; the conflict between harassing scruples and dissonant teachings; the pain of a great heart that only the infinite could satiate—an infinite that he of all best knew itself unable to possess—all is laid candidly and unaffectedly before us. The book is the history of the struggle of his life.

IN VENICE.

Below the Lion of Saint Mark
I sit alone, and, all unseen
Save by some night-birds in yon arch,
I hold communion with my Queen—
The faithful, mournful face of Night
That wooed me years ago from crowds.
Alone, the dappled, curly clouds
Go by and mix and countermarch.
From out the deep, from out the dark,
Companions come to me. The might
Of old dead centuries is here ;
I breathe uncommon atmosphere.

It is not day, it seems not night,
But like dim lands that lie between
The mournful night and vanquished day.
Some far-off sounds have lost their way,
Like some lone, lorn, benighted wight,
Made mad with love for false, fair queen—
Faint far-off sounds that none have heard—
That call so mournfully to me,
As if for help from out the sea.
Aye, there be spirits in the air,
I feel them touch my falling hair ;
They fan me like some fluttered bird.

O tranquil bride of tranquil seas,
O city set in seas of glass,
O white bride born of steel and storm
And iron-footed tyrannies!
Sit down, sit down—let all time pass,
And build no more ; for what has form
Or beauty, as thy presence has ?

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I. IN WHICH VARIOUS PEOPLE FALL IN LOVE.

"'Tis an awkward thing to trifle with souls,
And matter enough to save one's own.
Think of my friend!—and the burning coals
He played with for bits of stone!"

FOUR gondoliers were lying asleep in the shade of the iron bridge which crosses the Grand Canal of Venice. They really have nothing to do with this story, but I mention them because in the first place they obstructed the landing-place where my *dramatis persona* were shortly to embark, and also because they were unconsciously missing the prettiest sight in all Venice that day. For May Graham was slowly coming down the steps of the Belle Arte building, and Miss Graham was a very, indeed, a remarkably, pretty girl. The elder of her two companions was her father—you saw the family likeness at a glance; the other, a tall young fellow, had the unmistakable air and gait of a New Yorker.

Stepping into the gondola that was awaiting them, they all sunk back upon its cushions with the expression of people who feel that the conscientious examination of three churches and a picture-gallery has entitled them to repose.

"Mr. Dalton," said May, "I wish you would look at papa's face! I never can decide if he looks most like St. Sebastian with all the arrows in him, or like some other early Christian martyr, when he comes out of a picture-gallery! The best of the joke is, that no earthly consideration will induce him to miss one of them. Do you remember Trent, papa, where you missed the train to see the Rembrandt, and after all it turned out to be only a copy?"

"My dear child," answered Major

Graham, quietly, "if you feel like talking after the work of the last three hours, pray gratify yourself; only I must beg you not to expect any answer from me. I am going to sleep."

"All right!" said May. "Mr. Dalton, do tell me who was that queer-looking person with the curls and the green ribbons who spoke to you at the door? Is she an artist?"

"If she is, I don't know an artist when I see one," answered Dalton. "I believe she spoils good canvas occasionally."

"Moral: avoid picture-galleries! Papa goes to sleep, and you become ferocious. That, I suppose, is an instance of the 'soothing influence of art.' May I ask how you know the exact *status* of the unfortunate wearer of those curls? Have you seen her work?"

"No!" said Dalton; "but if a man's work be supposed to express himself, how, in heaven's name, could a woman with such a face paint a good picture! And then—really, Miss Graham, you have not been abroad long enough to make the discovery, but I can assure you there is a tribe, a host, a multitude of young ladies between the ages of sixteen and sixty who haunt the art-galleries, who make day hideous with their sketches, and drive unfortunate artists mad with criticisms and advice on things they know nothing about, and misquoted and misapplied bits of Ruskin. These unattractive, nondescript women used to go into convents at one time; now they go in for art. The piety was preferable to the paint—if they only knew it!"

"Mr. Dalton, could anything make

you forgive a woman for being ugly?" asked May.

"Nothing—except never seeing her!"

May laughed, and leaned lazily back against the black leather cushions. The striped blue-and-white curtains were drawn to shut out the glare of the water, and the half-shadow was only broken by sharp gleams of sunlight that flickered and danced with the rocking of the gondola.

"Where are you at work now, Mr. Dalton?" she asked. "Can we go and see your picture?"

"It is in a private house," he answered, slowly. "I suppose, though, I could get you permission to come and see it. I have just finished copying a Giorgione there."

"And what are you going to do after that?"

He hesitated a moment. "I am—that is—I have more work to do there."

"Another copy?"

"No—not exactly—it's a picture of—" He leaned forward and looked down the canal. "Do you know, you are almost home again?" he said; "your men row very well."

"Very—but you have not told me your subject?" she persisted.

"It is not anything very interesting to you," he said, shortly. "I am painting a portrait. I am painting the Countess Morosini—a friend of mine," he added, looking her full in the face. She did not answer. An awkward silence seemed to have fallen between them. There had been a hesitancy, almost an embarrassment, in Philip's manner, that made both of them feel relieved when the gondola stopped at the hotel steps. Declining Major Graham's invitation to luncheon on the plea of an engagement for which he was already behindhand, Dalton hurried away. He walked rapidly toward the Zattere. His thoughts seemed pleasant, for he smiled to himself more than once. The little girl

with bare feet and tangled hair, who came up to him as he passed the bridge and offered him a flower for his button-hole, laughed as she looked up in his face, and even the lame old beggar by the church felt the influence of his sunny mood, and asked for alms without his customary whine. Philip Dalton was essentially a pleasant, good -tempered, light-hearted fellow. "The best fellow in the world," the men who had studied in the same studio with him would tell you—"not a genius by any means; not even very clever; in fact, you know, he is a pretty poor painter, and doesn't draw worth a hang, but a jolly good fellow all the same. Everybody likes Dalton." In reality, he had one of those sensitive, facile, impressionable temperaments which are seldom united to much depth of feeling. He liked everybody—who pleased him; loved himself, and was as selfish as he was attractive.

As he turned down the broad flagged walk of the Zattere, his step quickened. The heat was intense, and the lagoon lay shimmering in a blinding blaze of light. He entered the cool, damp hall of one of the palaces, and for a moment his dazzled eyes could hardly distinguish the dim outline of the wide marble staircase. The door of a room on the first floor was opened to him by a servant whose ready greeting showed them to be old acquaintances, and he stepped into a long cool corridor whence light and sound seemed banished. A row of time-stained pictures, family portraits for the most part, hung against the wall between dusty, rust-covered swords and halberds: a ghostly and faded trophy of some tattered banners, and a lance, were suspended over the door; two narrow, polished wooden benches, with carved backs, ran the whole length of the hall on either side, to where an easel was standing at the farther end by an open window, through which one looked out

into an old garden protected from the outside world by high brick walls.

"The *signora contessa* is asleep," said the servant, an ancient man in a faded livery. "If the *signora* will wait——?"

"Very well," said Dalton. "Let the *signora* know I am here when she wakes." He walked lazily to the window, and threw himself down on the cushions that filled the pointed recess. The house was perfectly still; he could distinctly hear the retreating footsteps of his guide until a door closed in the lower regions of the palace, and only the twittering of the birds in the acacia-trees, or the shrill laughter of the children playing in the street, broke the silence. There was a cool green light in the gallery; a little breeze that had wandered in and lost its way was stirring the faded tapestries which masked the doors; now and then a June rose, overblown, dropped in a mass of perfumed petals on the window-ledge, or strewn with crimson rain the polished marble floor. "If I had a cigar," thought Dalton, "I would not change places with a king!" As he painted, the long summer afternoon passed away; shadows began to fall across the sunny paths of the garden. People opened the shutters of their houses on the shady side of the narrow streets, and fair-haired, sun-browned women leaned out, their elbows firmly planted upon the window-sills, to gossip with their opposite neighbors. The pretty girls with fans in their hands and flowers in their blonde and tangled hair—who had lounged away the morning in a way which, to any but an Italian, is an inscrutable and never-ending mystery—began to fill the balconies. The servants of the Palazzo Morosini shared in the universal stir, and Dalton could hear every now and then from the garden some high-pitched voice descanting in rapid and excited dialect on the manifold and seemingly unbearable delinquencies of some apparently remote cul-

prit. A small boy with a strong family likeness to the cook, dressed in a pair of trousers evidently made out of a meal-bag for some deceased ancestor, and a pink cotton shirt with one blue sleeve, seemed, finally, to have concentrated all the wrath on his devoted head. A bold attack on his person was followed by his precipitate flight to the top of a large water-tank; a place of refuge with which he was manifestly familiar, and from which no persuasion could entice him until a hitherto silent personage addressed him in such terms that he fled wildly into the garden, where he caught Dalton looking at him, and immediately held out a ragged cap to catch a penny—occasionally turning a somersault in an absent-minded and strictly unprofessional way, as though merely to keep his hand in. Dalton was laughing at the little monkey, and wondering what could have been the meaning of the scathing address to Beppi which had driven him from his post of vantage, when a door opened at the farther end of the hall, and a woman entered and stood still, looking steadily at him unobserved.

No one had ever dreamed of calling the Contessa Morosini pretty; as a general thing, women admitted her face to be a striking one, but did not think it beautiful. It was perhaps an illustration of the universal law of compensation that half the men she met fell in love with her. With us, in America, I question if many people would have admired a type so dissimilar to our own. Her face was an anachronism. The broad, low brow, the reddish hair, the perfectly pallid skin, and full, almost colorless lips, would have been nearer the ideal beauty of the fifteenth century than that of these later days. There was a discrepancy in the upper part of the face—it might have been the too strongly accentuated curve of the dark, delicate eyebrows, or the curious undecided color, between gray and green, of the large, slightly promi-

ment eyes—which gave it character of an unusual kind.

About this woman there was nothing commonplace—except her life. An orphan, married to a man thirty years older than herself, the Countess Morosini had lived ten quiet, monotonous, uneventful years since she left the convent where her girlhood had been spent. The death of her husband had changed her but little in her mode of living. Life in the Morosini palace was at best but a subdued affair. Youth, with its passions and follies, seemed a forgotten word and banished guest in those lofty rooms hung about with countless relics of dead and buried generations. Dalton was almost the first young and joyous apparition which had entered the old palace since the day the count brought home his bride. He was the first real and personal interest in Fiamma Morosini's life; he had come to her as a revelation—the suggestion of infinite possibilities—and she loved him. For good or for evil the turning-point of her life was reached, and the passion which hitherto had taken refuge in her face and in the brooding, unsatisfied expression of her eyes, was shortly to invade and fill her heart. Dalton started as she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"I beg your pardon," he said, confusedly; "I was watching that little beggar out there. When did you come in? I did not hear you!"

"Little Beppi is more fortunate than I am in winning your attention," she answered, speaking English slowly, but with a scarcely perceptible accent. "Have I been dreaming it, or did you not really make an appointment for me to pose to you this morning?"

"I assure you it was not my fault—I wish I could believe you did see me in your dreams!—but some old friends of mine are staying here, and I have been on escort duty all the morning. I could not do less than that, you know; they

are people I have visited very often at home."

"I do not like them," said Fiamma, slowly. "To-day is the first time you have staid away, and I thought something dreadful had happened to you."

"Would you have cared?"

She smiled and looked at him. "Tell me," she asked, "are these people—your friends—going to stay here long?"

"Yes, I believe so—if they like it—but never mind them! Did you really miss me to-day?—how much?"

Italian women do not flirt, and do not understand flirtation in others. They may be indifferent to you—my experience leads me to believe they generally are so—or they may fall in love with you; but that subtle intermingling of both feelings, that delicate wavering on the border-land of sentiment, which has been at once reduced to a science and elevated to a fine art, is not dreamed of in their philosophy. The fact in itself is a trifling one, and yet, had Dalton realized it, some trouble and not a little pain might have been avoided. It was so natural to him, though, to yield himself up to the strongest sensation of the moment; he was so accustomed to take the goods the gods sent him without a thought of the possible consequences, that the knowledge might have availed him but little. Not that he meant to flirt with the *contessa*. She was more a woman to be with than to talk to. Her personality was magnetic; there was a charmed stillness about her, a lotus dream she seldom cared to break. Broadly speaking, she was utterly without ideas; her education had been most limited in extent, but some fine sense of the congruous saved her from those fluent trivialities which constitute the conversation of women that have no love for books. On the whole, I think it still an open question if a beautiful woman who knows how to keep a sympathetic silence be not the superior of one who

is habitually talkative? Dalton was so much of this opinion that it was with unfeigned regret he rose to go.

"Are you not coming to the Piazza with me to-night?" she asked.

He hesitated. "I am very sorry, upon my word I am; but I promised to go round and see the Grahams in their new apartments to-night——"

"That is the second time to-day!" she said, coldly. "Very well. Go!"

"I might bring my friends down to the Piazza later"—he began.

"Not on my account, thanks! I shall not go now. Good-by!"

He had reached the door, when she called him back.

"Bring your friends here some day," she said; "they would probably like to see the palace. I should like to see *them*."

It must have been fully ten days after this, when Miss Graham and the *contessa* met for the first time. It was on the Piazza, of course. Everything that happens in Venice has its beginning there. It is around those little tables, in front of the *cafés*, under the glare of the gas, with the band playing and hundreds of people walking up and down, talking and laughing in every language, that the comedies and sometimes the tragedies of Venetian life are played. It is everybody's *salon*; the most public and the most private of places. More than one *habitué* turned to look a second time at the table where our party were seated. An unconscious rivalry moved both May and the *contessa*; neither had ever looked more charming or more seductive than she did that night. By some tacit mutual understanding they both avoided speaking to Dalton. The two Van Arsdales monopolized May's attention, and the *contessa* seemed absorbed in watching the gaslight flickering on the *façade* of St. Mark's.

"I wish you would all come to my house to-morrow," she said, turning to

May, as the gondolas pushed off from the steps. "I think Major Graham would be interested in some of my pictures. Mr. Dalton thinks them very fine, I believe."

"May, dear," said Kate Van Arsdale, the next morning, as the two girls were dressing to go out, "I don't think I like Mr. Dalton's *contessa*."

"I know I don't," said May.

An hour afterward they had made the whole tour of the Palazzo Morosini, and were resting in one of the great reception-rooms, between walls hung with faded brocade wrought with gold; where seats—whose miraculously uncomfortable carved and coroneted backs compelled one to believe that sitting down is a nineteenth century prejudice—were stiffly ranged against the wall, and where numberless portraits of by-gone patricians looked grimly on in solemn disapproval of the flippant talk and merry voices of a party of young people. The unaccustomed sunlight streamed into the room through the high gothic windows, as though curious to see what had lain hidden for so long behind the iron-barred shutters, and every now and then a peal of laughter startled the birds on their nests in the honeysuckle-vine. Two staid men in livery had brought in a multitude of small quaint *celadon* cups filled with black coffee, and now lingered about the door with the privileged familiarity of Italian servants, as though in wonder at the new element their mistress had introduced into the silent old house.

There was an embroidery frame on one of the tables, with the needle still sticking in an unfinished rose.

"Is this your work, *Contessa*?" asked May.

"Mine? O, no. I never do anything," said the countess, carelessly. "That was the work of a sister of my husband's mother, who died more than fifty years ago. They say she was work-

ing at that flower when news came that her betrothed had been killed at Waterloo. She never did anything more to it, and died two or three months after."

"Poor thing!" said May. She laid her hand tenderly on the work, and stood looking at it a moment. "Poor thing! What a sad story! How glad she must have been to die!"

"Why?" asked the countess, looking at her curiously. "She was young, and life is good when one is young."

"Miss Graham does not believe in *post-mortem* consolations yet," said Dalton, lightly. "She still has illusions, and goes in for all sorts of grand sentiments."

"What a capital ghost story one could make of that, though," said Charlie Van Arsdale. "I hope you don't object to your ancestors being considered in the light of spectres, Contessa? Fancy coming in here at night, and finding the lady at work finishing her embroidery! Indeed, I half believe it already; are you sure there is not more done than there was the last time you looked at it?"

"Don't mind Van Arsdale, Contessa," broke in Dalton. "I never do. He is a man capable of turning his own grandmother into a ghost with a view to writing up the effect. Besides, that's all nonsense about the lady; a ghost hasn't the shadow of a claim to respectability until he's at least a hundred years old. My choice is for that tall cavalier there, in the corner, with the black velvet doublet and the rapier. Handsome fellow! Looks as though he might have done execution in his day."

"That is the Marchese Visconti," said the countess. "He was in love with a princess of the house of Este, and was beheaded, I believe. But if you are fond of old things, I will send for my sister-in-law; she knows all about everything. I don't care so much about them myself."

Kate had been walking about the room,

looking curiously at the old cabinets that filled the corners. She was examining a small square silver casket, wrought with figures of dancing, vine-crowned fauns, when the countess looked round.

"That is rather a dangerous thing you have got there, Miss Van Arsdale," she said. "I had it brought down the other day to show Mr. Dalton, and it was forgotten here. It is a Cellini, they say."

"How pretty!" said Kate, taking it up; "and, O! what queer little bottles with gold stoppers."

"They belonged to my husband, who was something of a chemist. Be careful how you handle them. They are full of different poisons."

Kate put the box down with a start. "May," she whispered, "this house is horrid! It's full of dead people. Let's go away."

"Why do you keep such a dangerous toy as that?" asked Dalton; "some one might easily come to grief over it."

"O, no; they all know it is poison, and are not likely to meddle with it. I never could understand anyone's killing one's self," said the countess, quietly. "Must you really be going? I am so sorry, for here is my sister-in-law, at last."

A tall, grave woman, dressed in black, with her gray hair half hidden by a lace shawl, came forward and courtesied stiffly to the intruders; then stood watching them with folded hands, in evident expectation of their speedy departure. The countess came back from the hall, singing as she came. Her usually pale face was faintly tinged with rose; her eyes were bright and soft; her lips curving in an unconscious smile.

"O, why did you not come before, Marietta?" she asked. "It was so nice. O, I have been so happy! Don't let them close those windows. Do let the sunlight come in. I never knew before how dreary these great rooms are. I

am always going to keep the windows open after this, and have roses on the table."

"Even in the winter, when these fine summer friends of yours have gone away and forgotten you, Fiamma?"

She did not answer, but played with her fan in a way very different from her usual calm self-possession.

"I am not sure; perhaps they will not all go," she said, shyly. "Why don't you say something? Why will you look at me in that way?" she added, impatiently.

"My looks never displeased you before," answered Marietta, slowly. "Perhaps they, too, seem old-fashioned, like the house that has always been your home. Fiamma, I knew a girl once—she was at the convent with me, and I loved her dearly; when she left, she was the betrothed of a stranger, an Austrian. Three days before their marriage-day, he ran away with her sister. She came back to the convent. I knew the Princess Galitzin—the beautiful Russian, they always called her—she was in love with a stranger, too. She died of a broken heart; he had left her."

They were both silent for a moment.

"I do not care," said Fiamma.

"Fiamma, look at me!" said her sister-in-law, imploringly. "I was young once; I was beautiful, they said. I loved a man who did not care for me. Look at me now!" Her lips trembled, and she wrung her hands in impotent and passionate entreaty.

The countess turned and gazed long and steadily at her own reflection in the glass, and then at her sister-in-law. They hardly seemed to belong to the same world, there was such a gulf between the one in her opulent beauty, her face flushed and transfigured by emotion, and the other, a tall, gaunt figure, from whose black robes the sunshine seemed to shrink away.

"I am not afraid," said the *contessa*.

The days went by. It was the end of June; the bathing season had begun. Venice was full of strangers, and Italians from the provinces, who crowded the little Lido steamers and made the sands gay with fearful and wonderful combinations of color and costume. One night the Favorita Café had been selected for the rendezvous; it had become an habitual thing for our friends to spend the evenings together. In the day-time, Dalton divided his attentions pretty equally between the two centres of attraction, and an apparent, though fictitious, intimacy—an armed neutrality, in which each depended rather on her own skill in defense than on the good faith of her adversary—had sprung up between May and Fiamma. Kate still clung to her prejudice against the *contessa* with all the conviction of an obstinate and honest nature.

To reach the Favorita grounds, you disembark at the end of a long wooden gallery built on piles over the water. As their gondola drew up at the foot of the steps May looked anxiously around for the livery of the Morosini gondoliers.

"The fair countess and Dalton don't seem to be in an especial hurry," said Charlie Van Arsdale to May; "had we not better wait for them at the *café*?"

They walked slowly along the narrow lane, between two rows of acacia-trees. Behind them the last sunset flush had not yet faded from the sky, but under the trees the twilight was deeper and the gas-lamps shone brightly among the leaves. May was silent; a restless wish to know why the others were lingering possessed her. She wanted to wait for them, and yet was impatient to hurry on, and secretly chafed at the indifference and calm good-nature of her companion.

"May," he said, suddenly, "I only ask out of a laudable desire to improve my mind, but can you tell me what you mean by answering, 'No, thank you,'

when I ask if you have heard from home lately?"

May laughed. "Please forgive me," she said; "I'm tired—no, not tired, but—stupid, or something. I don't know what is the matter with me, Charlie."

"That's a question I have asked myself more than once lately," he said, slowly. "You are changed, May." He struck violently out with his cane and decapitated an innocent mullein-stalk savagely as he spoke. "See here, child," he added, speaking very fast, "I don't want to ask any questions—mind that! It's none of my business, of course; but I can't see you happy and charming and like your old self one day, and the next pale and depressed and wretched, without finding out that something is going wrong, and trying to help you, if I can. If anything is troubling you, tell me of it, and I can answer for putting a stop to that, at least. If it's anybody"—he made another lunge at the hedge, to the utter confusion and overthrow of two black-and-green lizards—"I'm not going to make a fool of myself a second time, May, don't be afraid; but I think you know you can depend on me."

"You dear, good Charlie!" said May, pressing his arm.

"As for being 'good' to you," he answered, almost roughly, "you know what I think about that. Here, take your shawl a minute, while I get the tickets to go in. Katie and your father are waiting by the gate."

Anyone who has seen the *chalet* at the Bois de Boulogne knows the Favorita building already. It is one of those places chiefly composed of balconies, chairs and tables, coffee-cups and excited waiters. Outside, the grounds extend on one hand to the lagoon, on the other to the Adriatic.

May was in a fever of impatience as the evening wore slowly on. The merry incessant chatter of the people about

her and the resounding music of the band struck her alike as empty and heartless; the glare and the noise were unbearable, and the myriads of swinging Chinese lanterns in the trees were blurred into one fantastic flame by the tears that filled her eyes. Her hands turned hot and cold as she wondered if they were not coming at all. She was sitting opposite the clock; surely, time never had dragged on so slowly before. Only half an hour since they came! Had anyone ever lived through such an eternity of dull, hopeless misery before? she wondered. And there was all the endless evening to get through, and all one's life after that.

"How pleasant it is here!" said Kate. "O, May, there is Mr. Dalton, at last! And, O! do look at the *contessa's* veil."

They came slowly up to the table. Dalton was laughing at something, and there was a triumphant, almost an insolent, smile on the beautiful face of his companion.

No one ever knew what May endured in the hour that followed. A hundred different emotions seemed to have taken possession of her: anger at Dalton; a bitter self-depreciation; an utter weariness of heart; and, through it all, a sharp pang of jealousy which frightened her and made her wince as though from actual pain. O! to be at home; to be alone; to escape the sight of that cruel, smiling woman—only to get out of sight; only not to see them together! "I was so happy once. What have I done to suffer so? Will no one help me now—will no one have pity on me?" she thought, passionately.

"Miss Graham, do comé and take a turn with me," said Dalton; "the moonlight is lovely on the sea."

He was standing before her—tall, handsome, smiling, and looking at her with the affectionate glance he always bestowed upon a pretty woman. She rose and took his arm. It was very

weak of her, I know; but our poor May was no heroine, and then—she loved him.

The road was rough, and the newly laid gravel slipped under their feet. "Here, this is too hard work for you," said Philip; "come on the grass."

They walked on a few minutes in silence. The night was very warm and still; one could hear quite plainly through the bars of the Strauss waltz the low wash of the waves on the shore. "Shall we sit down?" asked Dalton. "As you like," said May. Her voice trembled in spite of herself. All power of resistance, all resolution, had abandoned her. Everything about her seemed changed and glorified; for she was walking with Philip, alone with him, and alone by a starlit sea in a Venetian night. He took her hand in his as they climbed down the sand-bank which shut them out from the view of the Favorita buildings, and forgot to let it go again.

"Let us sit down here a little while," he said, softly.

She assented in silence. To her it was one of those moments when life culminates; an instant of perfect and exquisite joy, without a future, with a forgotten past. She sat very still, her two hands folded on her lap. The moonshine rested here and there on her white dress, and touched with light the round young throat and girlish profile. Philip had thrown himself down at her feet with his face to the ground, idly plucking blades of the short, tough sea-grass, and flinging them away from him. The music had ceased, and they could hear the rustle of the wind in the acacia-trees.

"How very beautiful you are to-night, May!" said Dalton.

"I am so glad," she answered, simply. An involuntary touch of coquetry made her face full to the moon as she spoke.

Philip put his arm about her waist and kissed her. If heaven were to open

suddenly before our sight some day, most of us would be dumb enough at first, I fancy. May sat perfectly quiet. Her hands turned cold and trembled; the beating of her own heart seemed to suffocate her.

"Darling!" said Dalton. "My darling May."

She turned her face away from him and looked straight out to sea. Will she ever forget, I wonder, how the waves came in that night—silent, gliding along, foam-crowned and silver-crested? It seemed to her years since Philip had spoken. Life had passed on and left them sitting tranced and speechless, motionless, themselves a part of the summer night. It was one of those moments which come to most of us at best but once or twice in a life-time; one of those high-water marks that only the great tidal waves can cover.

As a general rule, if you would make the world remember you, forget it. There is a broad path by the sea, leading from the Favorita grounds to the main road, and along this way—passing through a trellised archway, covered with thinly scattered vines and hung with many-colored swinging lamps—came a troop of young Italians, men and women of the people, who laughed and sung the catches of a boat-song as they came. They stopped directly in front of where our two lovers were sitting, and took noisy possession of the bench that tops the hill.

"We must go back, Philip," said May.

It was the first time she had ever called him by that name. Her heart was too full of happiness to speak. They walked back in silence. Fiamma Morosini was sitting where they had left her. Her face had resumed its inscrutable serenity; only in her gloved hand she held the broken fragments of her fan. May walked back to the boat in a dream; the laughter of the others

reached her as the echo of a world which lay far away behind her.

"Mr. Dalton," said Kate ("I only talked to him because you wouldn't, and I was not going to let that woman have it all her own way. Bad enough he had to go home with her," she confided to May afterward), "did you ever notice how sleepy and tired trees look by gaslight? They always remind me of people who have sat up too late at a party, and whose eyes are aching."

"Yes, as though it were only their politeness which kept them from yawning in our faces," said Philip, lightly. "Fancy how glad they must be to see the last people leave and the lights put out. That old fellow over there with the dead limb looks as if he could not keep up these dissipated hours much longer; doesn't he?"

He came forward and wrapped May's cloak carefully around her, as he helped her into the gondola. "Take care of yourself," he said. She thanked him with a smile, and the boats pushed off together.

May sunk back on the cushions, satisfied; not thinking, only listening to the splash of the oars, feeling the warm night-wind blowing through her loosen-

ed hair; watching with dreamy eyes the shifting wake of the moon, or looking to where San Giorgio's tower stood black against the starlit sky. The regular dip of the oars in the water lulled her half asleep, and through her dreams, pervading her every thought like a perfume, came the sense of Philip's love. Their gondola stopped at their landing. Dalton and the *contessa* passed on.

"I am not going home yet," said Fiamma, suddenly. It was the first time she had spoken since they started. "You may go home, if you like, Mr. Dalton."

"And if I don't like?"

"Then"—she looked him full in the face with a divine smile in her eyes—"you may come with me!"

"You look like a water-lily afloat in the moonlight," he said, as they rowed slowly down the canal.

She smiled again. Her warm, dimpled hand touched his and rested there. A delicious languor seemed to bow her flower-crowned head; like the night, her face was full of an infinite desire.

They turned from the city, leaving far behind them its shining curve of lights, and passed out into the scented darkness of the June night.

THE SONGSMITHS OF THULE.

THE steadily progressing researches in Scandinavian archæology, while developing matters of vital importance to the study of the early history of America and of Europe in general, have been the means of directing attention to a literature whose riches and beauty would amply repay the reader. It can boast of possessing the most ancient historical records in the north of Europe; records of great achievement by land and water, which are to this day

familiar on the tongue of a people who speak a language but little changed from the Edda form. Some of the early Northmen, too independent to submit to innovations from the hated south, resolved to seek another home, even on the bleak shores of Iceland, where they would be left undisturbed to cherish their ancient customs, and transmit, as a sacred legacy, from father to son, the heroic legends of their ancestors, couched in the venerable idiom of its original

dialect. To these faithful guardians of the national relics their submissive brethren on the peninsula had later on to apply for light upon their history and genealogy, and to-day we see the Americans also apply for information concerning theirs.

It is not alone the purely historical merits of these now-collected legends which attract investigation; it is not alone the wars and rumors of wars that once convulsed kingdoms, the stories of voyages that eclipse those of the Phœnicians in daring and extent, the records of discoveries and settlements on the American coast centuries before Columbus, and which are as invaluable as they are interesting: but blended with these things we find a mythology as rich and fanciful as that of southern Europe, though cast in a sterner mold; and in them we are enabled to study the expressions and customs of that fierce, brave, hardy Norse race, who are the forefathers of many of us. Their lore was stored in the memory of skalds, often of royal blood, who accompanied expeditions and shared hardships and dangers in order to render a faithful account of occurrences. Among a people doomed by stern nature to long confinements to the hearth, these singers were even more welcome than they could have been among nations living in a sunnier clime, and their ballads and recitations were eagerly listened to and stored up, no less by the veteran who therein recognized episodes from his own eventful life, than by the youth who glowed with ardor to face the dangers depicted and make himself a name worthy of similar record, and by the coy maidens, who, with a *penchant* for some flaxen-haired viking, compared its love-tales with the sweeter words engraved by him upon her heart.

The form of their poetry, however, does not exactly harmonize with our ideas of the tender pathos of love whis-

perings, for it is as a rule rough and abrupt, characteristic of the features of the country, which have impressed their stamp upon the people, and suited to the æsthetic and religious ideas of the warrior and sailor. In the Oracle of the prophetess Vola, in *Sæmund's Edda*, we are led behind the scenes of the mysterious workings of the imagination of the Northman. A witch recants the drama of life: the formation of the world is reviewed, the enchanting life of the fairies is drawn in attractive colors, the still more interesting adventures of hero gods follow, then come the dark forebodings of misfortunes:

"She murder saw
The first that e'er
Was in the world,
When Gullveig was
Placed on the spear,
When in Harr's hall
They did her burn;
Thrice she was burnt,
Thrice she was born,
Of, not seldom,
And yet she lives."

This may be termed a literal translation, without attempt to soften the rhythm, and will no doubt be interesting as a specimen. We see here outcroppings of the original fables which are now spread in diluted form among our young folk, but which were then as eagerly listened to and believed by older heads. In a following verse we obtain an idea of their crude cosmology, as the witch and prophetess closes with a description of the dissolution of the world:

"The sun turns pale;
The spacious earth
The sea ingulfs;
From heaven fall
The lucid stars:
At the end of time
The vapors rage,
And whirling flames
Involve the skies."

The marked peculiarity of the early forced metrical system was alliteration. This soon gave way to the use of poetical synonyms, such as the substitution

of "songsmith" for "poet," "language of the gods" for "poetry," "dragon of the sea" for "ship," and so on. These expressions tended greatly to soften the style, but true poetry gained little by the change, and the art of composing became more difficult, owing to the number of these synonyms, which amounted to about a thousand. This complicated system grew more and more, until both language and poetry were deteriorated, and verse-making became a monopoly in the hands of the skalds. The relations comprised mystic, didactic, and mytho-historic matters: the latter productions being chiefly historical, relating to the reigns and expeditions of certain kings, and therefore of more practical value, whatever their relative poetical standard may be. In the many addendas to the Edda fables we find accounts of dead vikings' voyages more plentiful than elsewhere; they come to us as if written in the last throes of the mighty arms which had once held sway over the feeble races of the south. They had their own wild grandeur these songs, but were not without their own wild pathos:

"Where snow-clad uplands rear their head,
My breath I drew 'mid bowmen strong;
And now my bark, the peasants' dread,
Kisses the sea its rocks among.
Midst barren isles, where ocean foamed,
Far from the tread of man I roamed;
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand."

The bold warrior seems to give a last regretful glance at the glorious times that are gone, as he turns to the more quiet pleasures of home-life. The adventures of his early years will now form merely a theme for the young kinsmen who gather round his knees during the winter nights. The translation of the above piece, to have truly represented the "synonym" method, should have rendered "bark," for instance, by "serpent of the sea," "isles" by "ocean flowers," etc. If not carried too far, this certainly would have added beauty

to the verse. Later on, a step was taken in the direction of the older, simpler style, with the best prospects of improvement; when in the thirteenth century the effect of missionary intercourse becomes distinctly visible in the biblical allusions and puerile descriptions which step by step displace the bold, heroic legends, until merely a mass of trashy accounts of saints and martyrs remains.

Denmark, from its position, came early under the influence of southern missionary enterprise, yet even then the old songs held their own for a long time as reminiscences of grand, happy days in the youth of the nation, and a memorial of forefathers whose spirit and deeds the people were more inclined to admire now that they were sinking beneath the yoke of foreign customs. The collections which have been placed before the modern Dane, under the title of *Warrior Songs*, etc., form a valuable part of the literature of the country, abounding in historical and mythological characters, mixed with heroes of romance; but the style bears too much the impress of the later time—of the superstitious and half-dormant middle ages. The first noticeable Danish poet is Arrebo, who flourished about 1620; but, aside from the fact of his being at the head of the list of modern poets, and is for that reason surnamed the "Morning Star," little can be said of him or of his few remaining productions. It was not until Holberg, the Molière of Denmark, appeared, that the shackles of bigotry which held the mind began to loosen and the "language of the gods" to find a worthy mouth-piece. *Peder Pars*, a mock-heroic satire on the pomposity of the times, and which has much in common with Butler's *Hudibras*, first aroused attention, and was much commented upon. Some who recognized therein a fancied hit at a peculiarity in character or looseness of conduct, received it with indignation, and in their very eagerness

to condemn conveyed a recommendation of its merits to chuckling enemies or impartial observers, and opened a path of success to the later productions of its author. Among these may be mentioned the *Journey to the Underground*, a didactic romance, and several comedies, of which branch of drama this poet was the founder. Holberg was the first, so to speak, who taught his countrymen to think, and who with his fresh and moving productions stirred the minds that the puerile literature of preceding years had reduced to stagnancy. Evald entered the field a little later, and, encouraged by the reception accorded to the dramatic efforts of his predecessor, resolved to essay tragedy, but his claim to merit in this field would scarcely have rescued his name from oblivion, had it not been for his martial song, *Kong Christian*, which, appearing at a time when the people were in a frenzy of excitement over the struggle with their kindred across the sound, struck the popular fancy and raised him to high favor. It became the national song of Denmark, and its popularity was a standing illustration of the regrettable enmity that for centuries kept two brother nations apart. Longfellow has adequately rendered this fine song, a verse of which we give:

"King Christian stood by the lofty mast
 In mist and smoke;
 His sword was hammering so fast,
 Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
 Then saw sunk each hostile hulk and mast
 In mist and smoke.
 'Fly!' shouted they, 'fly, he who can!
 Who braves of Denmark's Christian
 The stroke?'"

The next man of note, Baggesen, was gifted, but he can not strictly be regarded as a national poet, for he wrote chiefly in German; his productions have, therefore, not met with the encouragement due to his talent. He is best known as the writer of comic tales; but his lyrics are decidedly the best of his

works, the ode *To my Native Land* being singularly sweet and pathetic. A great part of his time was devoted to a bitter warfare upon his successful rival, Oehlenschläger, a man who rises supreme as the poet *par excellence* of Denmark. He is what Tegnér is to Sweden, although he approaches more to Shakspeare, while the latter comes nearer to Milton. Baggesen became stage-struck, like Shakspeare, his immeasurably greater prototype, but as the audience was not struck with him, he doffed the mantle of Thalia and turned to grapple with the intricacies of law. A short interruption occurred when Nelson appeared before the capital, and gave him an opportunity to assume the guise of a patriot. While brooding over his lost laurels, the idea occurred to him that his writings might prove more acceptable to the public than his presence. The result was the drama in blank verse, *Aladdin*, whose merits were so cordially recognized that the musty law-books were forever banished to the shelf. After producing a few more pieces, he started for Italy to gather new spirit and inspiration from those scenes in whose midst Virgil and Horace once bore offerings to the muse. Refreshed from his pilgrimage, he appeared in Paris, where several tragedies on the subject of the struggles of paganism with Christianity in the North were brought to light under the care of active sympathizers. The warm-hearted northerner wanted a kindred spirit, however—a poet like himself—with whom he might commune upon his hopes and fears, and whose advice would be of value toward the success of his works. He sought Goethe, but the stately courtier showed no enthusiasm for the aspirations of the Dane, and rather repulsed his attempt to form an intimacy. Poets are apt to be jealous, as we know, and there might have been a desire in the mind of the great *Dichter* to dampen the ardor of the

northern adventurer, as he, perhaps, deemed him. But Oehlenschläger was too well established to fear for the future; his *Fiskeren* and *Aladdin* were alone sufficient to form a reputation, and his later productions, among which are a number of pleasing ballads, bear out the hopes formed of him.

It must be admitted that the Danes have not an epic worthy of the name, and, taking this class of poetry as a standard, Sweden certainly bears the palm, as Tegnér attained this honor for his countrymen, who are not, however, vain enough to claim him as a Milton or a Dante. In Sweden, the old mythologic and hero lore shared the fate of its sisters; onward and onward it fled before the advancing light of Christianity, lingering for awhile in some obscure mountain nook, and somewhat longer in the more inaccessible north, keeping alive the spirit of the vikings and the worship of the valiant Odin, until faithful collectors found the means to prepare it a fitting home among the lovers of literature. These hearsay ballads compare favorably with the more ancient lore, and certainly surpass the later Icelandic effusions. The literature of Sweden underwent many abrupt changes; one leader after another rose and placed the impress of his style upon the era, leading the van of a host of less original followers, until another favorite supplanted him in the estimation of a fickle public. The Catholic period, which lasted until 1520, was not devoid of some good productions, chiefly valuable for the insight they give into the customs of the time, which, singularly enough, are merely representations of the life of the higher class; though a marked difference of caste was not the cause of this, as might be supposed, for the early simplicity of manners still prevailed, and no feudal yoke had found a place upon the spirit of the people. With the advent of the liberal doctrines of Luther, a new

though by no means well-directed impulse was given to poetry; for psalms, which almost monopolized the field, are scarcely seductive as a study, nor do they give great scope for the display of art. Another attraction was offered in the shape of dramas, which mark this period with their birth. The Lutherans evidently were not in favor of the extreme and abrupt reforms that characterize the Calvinists, but judiciously administered the bolus of reconstruction in connection with sweet morsels of familiar ceremonies. The sugar-coating took the form of religious dramas. Olaus Petri, the apostle, himself became the leader in this, and produced the *Tobia Comedia*. Gradually the drama appeared in the recognized dress of our time. Messenius, with the view of making historical studies attractive, proposed to render the history of his country in fifty dramas; but the project failed, and literature was saved an infliction, if we may judge from the specimen left by him.

The periods of Swedish poetry which follow have each been christened by the name of their respective leaders, of whom Stjernhjelm, a man equally well known as poet, dramatist, and wit, is the first. He was the first star whose light was powerful enough to penetrate the religious mist, and shed a lustre beyond it. In this respect he may be compared to Holberg, though he never attained the same level of popularity. His *Hercules*, a speculative inquiry into the mysteries of God and life, bears the palm of his productions; but his sonnets (a kind of literature which he was the first to introduce to his countrymen) came much into vogue—so much, indeed, that among the fifty names that make up his constellation, even the best owed much of their success to pieces in imitation of his style. Doggerel rhyming grew fast to be the rule, and was used on every trifling occasion, even in matters of bus-

iness. True poetry fell into desuetude, and it was only on the advent of Von Dalin that it regained its level. Dalin was most of all a critic, however, and his fame is chiefly connected with an admirable article which appeared in the *Argus*, a periodical that had much in common with Addison's *Spectator*.

Among the many names which adorn this epoch is that of Nordenflycht, a woman of high culture and taste, who, like Madame de Staël, was the centre of a circle composed of the wit and learning of the time, and who kept up an interesting correspondence with men like Fontenelle and Holberg. Elegies were her *forte*, and the death of a beloved husband gave the key-note to her plaintive strains. She was eminently sentimental, and, at an age when idle fancies are supposed to have wholly departed, Cupid made her his target; but, as the object of her affections could find nothing but respect for one who was old enough to be his mother, she buried her disdained love in the cold waters of the Maelar.

The foundation of an academy of *belles-lettres* by Queen Ulrica gave a powerful impulse to fine literature, and resulted in the brighter era known as the Kellgrenian, under the reign of Gustaf III., the "song-king," as he was called, from his enthusiasm for poetry and letters. Kellgren was a great favorite of the monarch, to whose advice the success of *Gustaf Vasa* and other fine lyric dramas are said to be greatly owing. He is accused of an affected polish, but if this is true, we know where the blame falls: he had to follow the course of the stream; great originality he never claimed. The most remarkable, even if not distinguished, Swedish poet of this and perhaps any other epoch, was, however, Bellman, a very skald of the people, an erratic genius, a sort of poetic Don Quixote and ardent devotee of Bacchus. Like a true skald, he had no thoughts for affairs of life, all his ideas were bound

up with extravagance, drinking, and singing, and he would have starved had not the clear-sighted king recognized the uncut diamond and taken him under his protection; he provided him with a pension and left him to follow his own bent. Resorting to a low drinking-saloon, he would take his seat, and, inspired by an occasional sip, proceed to rattle off Bacchanalian songs and satirical ballads of perfect rhythm and metre, with astonishing fluency, drumming all the while upon the table with his knuckles. *Fredman's Epistlar*—a series of rollicking drinking-songs and lusty ballads—form the chief part of the collection, which was written down by friends as the words fell from the lips of the half-slumbering bard. Among a convivial people like the Swedes, the racy humor, witty points, and merry allusions with which they abound, could never fail to be appreciated. The scenes to which they refer are well-known localities around the capital, and the characters are chiefly the roistering, braggart loiterers and suspicious women who enjoyed his friendship. He died as he had lived, glass in hand, and his last utterances were to his muse. Every year, at midsummer, his admirers gather at his grave near the spot where he used to linger, and crown his statue amid songs and chinking of glasses.

The next poet of any note is Leopold—a man whose cold and superficial productions, dressed in great elegance of expression, have earned for him the title of the Voltaire of Sweden. His language is soaring and sublime, but the reader is not led away by any stirring incidents or noble thoughts.

The beginning of this period can not exactly be termed unsatisfactory, for it developed expression, at least, and must have had a great influence in shaping the later phases of it, which exhibit the great names of Franzén, the sweetest poet of Sweden, or rather of Finland,

whose songs are on the tongues of all who love the calm pleasures of home-life and delight in the contemplation of nature's works. Now also begins to be conspicuous the name of Wallin—the David of the North—whose exquisite hymns seem to soar to the very footstool of the One whose praise they sing—and that of Tegnér, not the least of Svea's skalds. Ask a Swede to name his favorite poets, and Tegnér will be the first upon his tongue, and connected with it his *Frithiof's Saga*. This saga is one of the most remarkable epics that have ever been written. It consists of a series of ballads relating to the life of a true specimen of the vikings, whose very name—connected with the most daring voyages, brilliant conquests, and (must we admit it?) bold plundering expeditions—struck terror into the hearts of the coast people of southern and western Europe. His boyhood and merry games with a blue-eyed fairy cousin, resulting in the stereotyped love engagement; are the theme of the first ballad.

"Jocund they grew, in guileless glee;
Young Frithiof was the sapling tree;
In budding beauty by his side,
Sweet Ingeborg, the garden's pride,
He sought each brook of rudest force,
To bear his Ingeborg o'er its source:
To feel, amidst the wild alarm,
The tendril-twining of her arm."

The verses following these depict his apprenticeship to the vikings, his voyages to distant shores, his battles with the degenerated civilized races, his reception on the return to his own land, the manly sports, varied with quiet games of chess, and the stolen interviews with fond endearments, that made the life at home fly fast. But dark clouds overspread the sky, so serene until now; he pleads for his love with the stern father, the king:

"It were easy to win me a sceptre and land,
But the home of my choice is my own native strand:
There the cot and the court
My shield shall o'erscreen, and my spear shall support."

The "proud parent" repulses him, and he is thrown upon the wide world; but the cloud passes, the sun shines bright again, and smiles upon the union of Frithiof and Ingeborg. One remarkable peculiarity of this epic is its varied metre: a different measure is used in describing the game of chess from that employed in battle strife; love whisperings flow in another vein from that of council talk, and so on. Some object that the harmony is destroyed by this, but whatever the imaginary loss may be, the gain in elegance and appropriateness fully counterbalances it.

The poetry of Scandinavia has passed through many ordeals, but with the progressive spirit of the people—ever ready to benefit by foreign improvements—it has issued safely from the crisis and established its position in the literature of the cultured world. The earliest productions which treat of heroes, battle fray, and mythologic lore, are stamped by a rough but manly impress, mingled with the crude and naturally superstitious ideas of the time. These were overrun by the puerile compositions to which the bigoted missionaries gave rise, and which retained the crudeness of the preceding style without its *naïveté*. With the beginning of the Lutheran excitement, a fresh impulse was given to it, in which the earnest spirit of the German school appears with more advantage than in the previous era. But the impulse was scarcely strong enough to lift it out of the ruts of bigotry and convention; it required the master-spirits of Holberg and Stjernhjelm to accomplish that. These as well as many succeeding leaders were formed more or less in the German school. In the meantime, France was advocating her claims as the mistress of *belles-lettres* and elegance, and, one by one, won over the adherents of her rival, replacing her heavy style by the flighty elegancies of "*la grande nation*"—

which assisted in creating periods like those of Kellgren and of Leopold. It required the turmoil of this strife between two strong factions to stir the stagnancy of northern literature; in settling to its proper condition, the import of this revolution became fully evident. The ancient literature, rich in myths and legends, once more stepped into favor, and revealed the basis upon which to build up a distinct Scandinavian poetry. The northern poet needs not to invoke the Olympian gods and heroes, for Asgard stands ever open to him with its equally grand array of deities ready to lend the glory of their achievements or the splendor of their surroundings to his lines. Nor has he to search far for his inspirations from nature: before his very

door the lofty *fjelds* rear their heads into the regions of eternal snow; below, wind the tortuous *fjords* through fir-clad slopes and verdured plains; in the dusky wood, the nightingale warbles her praise of their grandeur, leaving impressions which poetry alone can fitly reproduce. The beneficial influence of the Germanic element can still be discerned in depth and earnestness, while the elegance of form and expression is greatly owing to the French training. This happy combination is fast raising Scandinavian poetry into fame abroad, and "language of the gods" may no longer be considered an extravagant term for the productions of "songsmiths" like Oehlenschläger, Tegnér, Franzén, and their more promising followers.

THE OCEAN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

I.

"I TELL you, Duke, for the last time, it is impossible!" A man's voice—low, earnest, and distinct.

"And I tell you, Gray Hartman, that there is no such word as impossible. Comply with my request, or to-morrow I tell the whole story to the world. How think you it would strike your proud *fiancée*?" The words were loud, reckless, and defiant.

"For heaven's sake, hush, Duke. The house is full of guests. There is no knowing who may overhear you."

"And the consequences might be inconvenient for you," returned the other, with a bitter laugh; then, in a more subdued tone: "It was by the merest chance in the world that I learned of your conquest of the heiress. I trust that you were not obliged to enter minutely into the details of your family history. However, I bear you no malice, old fellow, for not remembering me

when the invitations were issued. You would hardly have cared to have had Alice present, even if she could have left her baby. By the way, the brat's eyes are wonderfully like yours. Seeing Alice, you know, might have brought back too vividly the time when you——"

"Stop! If there were one spark of manliness left in your false nature, Duke Aubry, you would not thus drag in the name of Alice to torture me into submission. You well know that if it had not been for her I would have cast you off long ago. Speak; what is the least sum that will meet your present necessities?"

"Gently—gently; there is no need to get into a passion. I have told you: a thousand now, and in three months ten thousand more, payable at Morton & Co., bankers, in Paris. I shall leave on the steamer to-morrow, unless"—with a mocking sneer—"you insist on my remaining for the ceremony to-morrow."

"Here are \$500, Duke; that is the utmost farthing I can give you."

"Much obliged; and the rest?"

"I make no promises for the future. Your insatiable demands on my purse have already driven me to the verge of bankruptcy."

"Old Rutherford is worth his millions."

"We will not mention his name, if you please."

"And you know, Gray, that it is an easy matter to sign a name."

Without noticing this taunt, the other asked: "What will Alice do?"

"Really you show more interest there than I. I have never thought to ask," returned the other, indifferently. "Have you such a thing as a match about you?"

In the darkness and silence of the winter's night the echo of their footsteps died away, and only the booming of the surf, in ceaseless monotone, broke the silence which closed around. From the window, underneath which the speakers had been standing, there came a breathless gasp, a hush, and then a sudden stir like the flutter of some wounded bird. No cry or moan entreated sympathy of the breaking waves, which kissed the shore with murmurs now as soft and sweet and low as a mother's cradle-song; but a woman's face, with color blanched as the crown of the foam-capped waves, looked out with dark eyes shining in the night—a golden-haired Aurora—a perfect face, but one from which the brightness, the joy, and love, which form the spiritual essence of beauty, had been suddenly blotted out. Motionless she stood with passionless face, gazing down the path which the two had followed, waited and watched until one returned, then the statue became breathing life again. A cold shiver shook the delicate form as a reed is swayed by some sudden wind. She dropped down upon her knees as if an unexpected freedom had come upon her.

A moment, while her heart gave one great sob of agony, she remained kneeling; her strained ears heard the click of the hall-door below; then she rose with sudden, feverish haste, and, taking paper and pencil from a writing-desk, she wrote, with quick, nervous movement, a few lines, which she folded, without seal or address. Then, with the same nervous impetuosity which now characterized her every movement, she took from the wardrobe a cloak in which she completely enveloped her form. This done, she went into the small room adjoining, where her maid was sleeping. "Emilie," she called in a low voice, giving her a quick shake—"Emilie." The girl stirred in her sleep. A third time. She started up, rubbing her sleepy eyes, and regarding with astonishment her mistress bending over her:

"*Mon Dieu, Mademoiselle*, is it—"

"Hush, Emilie; rise and dress yourself. In ten minutes from now you will take this note to Mr. Hartman's door and give it to him. He will understand. And be very careful to disturb no one else."

Emilie, too well accustomed to the capricious whims of her imperious mistress to question any command, took the note in silence. A moment later, the hall-door closed softly, and a dark-robed form fitted with the lightness of the wind down the path to the ocean. On she sped, never stopping to look back; hearing nothing in the still darkness of the night but the dull sound of her own flying footsteps over the frozen ground, and the ceaseless call of the ocean, which sounded louder and more distinct as every passing moment lessened the distance between them; though to her it seemed as if her feet were leaden weighted, as if every breath of wind, with iron hand, were grasping and holding her back, while from every wave which surged resistlessly to and fro, myriad voices were calling, myriad hands were

beckoning to her. Would she never reach it—the great gray cliff which overhung the sea? There she would find rest and calm, there she would be strong and brave. Only the ocean—which all that summer long to the story of her love had chanted an accompaniment so passionate, so full of bliss, that the very waves seemed rose-tinted, and the light of the sun and the moon streamed over and through them with golden and silvery radiance, making of them now a forest of roses and now a wilderness of lilies—should witness this meeting, should hear the last false, jarring chords of a symphony begun but never to be ended. Scarcely ten minutes she waited—an eternity of woe it seemed—then she saw a tall, dark form, with eager, hurried steps, approaching. Her very heart stood still and pulseless, and her pallid face became more frigid, while the rippling wave of memory carried her back to the time of perfect faith and trust, when the world seemed made for beauty and for love, when the sudden vision of that form had sent the hot blood in wild tumultuous currents from heart to cheek and brow, and she had shrunk back with maidenly tremor lest his eyes should see too clearly the form mirrored deep down in the depths of her own. Their love had come to them both—the strong man, and the tender, dreaming maiden—like the opening of a flower bursting with the weight of its perfume; like the sudden dawn of light, irradiating everything with calm translucency; sinking their voices to the softest murmur, and, whether in speech or in silence, encompassing them with the deep rest of happiness, where a look, a word, the consciousness even of a loved presence, is fraught with bliss.

Gray Hartman, for the second time that night summoned to a secret interview, hurried along the well-known path, his heart filled with a strange wonder, which was also a nameless dread. The

short, imperative note which Emilie had handed him, contained these words:

“Come to the Gray Cliff. I wait you there.”

An abrupt turn in the path revealed to him the dark figure standing out clear and well-defined upon the jutting rock. The sudden thrill which moved his whole being at the sight made him realize more intensely than he had ever done before all that this woman—whose wondrous beauty seemed but the fitting embodiment of the purity, truth, and tenderness of her soul—had become to him. And now it was almost the dawn of that blessed day for which the shepherds of old had watched and prayed in holy adoration, and which to him would be throughout the great hereafter doubly blessed by the coming into his life of her radiant majesty. Was it the remembrance that never but once had the golden glory of her hair met and mingled with the darkness of his—that only for one ineffable moment had their lips touched and trembled with the shadow of a kiss—that now made him hasten toward her, with a passionate longing to fold her in his arms in a long caress, which, encircling her forever, should forever banish darkness and cold with the warmth and light of love? Or was it that something inexorable in her attitude roused out of the dread foreboding which oppressed him a feeling of resistance, a wild determination to claim her then and there? In the gray light, which seemed to shine from both sea and sky, he could read an indefinable change in the face whose every fleeting expression a few hours before he had fondly dreamed his own. It was that which gave to his voice the anxious, beseeching tone: “Regina, darling, what is it? Speak to me. Is there anything which you wish to tell me?”

She thrust aside with a half gesture of scorn the extended arms, and said, with a voice whose coldness vibrated pain-

fully upon his ears: "And you—have you nothing to tell me?"

Suddenly, as by a flash of lightning, Gray Hartman saw that something had come between them, something which he might be powerless to thrust aside; though he resolved, with the bitter energy of desperation, to bring all the force of his nature to bear against it. Hardly a second intervened between her question and his answer. The swelling arch of waves below, which curved and bent forward under its weight of waters, had not time to break into a cloud of silvery, sparkling foam; yet Regina thought, "He hesitates—he can not explain;" and the faint hope which all the time had struggled with her wrath and scorn died away. And Gray Hartman thought, "She is pitiless—she could not believe or understand;" while he answered with passionate earnestness:

"Yes, Regina, through all my life I shall never have finished the story of my love to you, my darling, my queen—shall never have shown the half of its boundless depths. What else should I have to say to you, Regina *mia*——"

"Hush!" she interrupted, with a touch of scorn ringing in her voice; "do not take that term upon your lips. The woman is dead who listened with fond credulity to such protestations from you, or else her name is Alice——"

There are moments when innocence confounded puts on the dark crimson of guilt. Gray Hartman felt the dark flush tinge his cheek before the searching indignation of her gaze, and it seemed to him that the strong foundations of the world were snatched from beneath him, and all around and above and beneath was darkness. "Regina," he cried, and he felt his voice tremble, "I do not know what or how much you have heard. I only ask you to give me time to explain, to make it all clear to you."

"Yes," she answered scornfully, "give you time until your accomplice, or he

whose silence you have bribed, is safe beyond the danger of denial. Of your capacity to explain and make clear I have no doubt."

He started as one might when a sore wound is probed to the quick, and said, with painful humility, which moved her to even greater wrath: "My darling, I would have laid down my life rather than this should have come to you. I entreat you to hear me, by that ocean which you have so often said had only smiles and caressing tones for our love."

"Ah!" she cried, a horrible sense of what life had been and what it would be in the future pressing upon her like a weight of iron, "once I could have forgiven everything, could have been content even to have been the second in your love, if only you had been true to yourself and me. What was it you read to me one day? 'It is not the commission of a crime so much as the shaping of one's whole life to a lie that makes one base.' I wonder that your eye did not dim, that your voice did not falter, in reading it," she continued, a dash of angry resentment tinging her tone. "I could have forgiven a man for seeking the possible wealth I may inherit, could have forgiven him even the commission of a crime, had he been true; but to have loved a man, believing him everything that is noble and good, and then—O, it is the degradation of a whole life!" She tore off with fierce impatience, as she spoke, the engagement ring, which six months before, with tender, loving words, he had placed upon her finger, and as she did so, a flaw in the setting pierced the delicate skin, and a bright crimson drop gushed to the surface.

Gray Hartman made no movement to take the ring she held toward him. It seemed some hideous nightmare. "Good God! Regina, you do not mean it?"—he found words at last. "Think of what you are doing, of the cold comments of the world, of your father's rage which this

act of yours will leave you to bear alone. I plead not for myself, Regina, but for you. How will you meet the angry astonishment, answer the curious questionings, meet the——”

“I see,” she interrupted, hotly, “you tremble for yourself; but you need have no fear that I shall reveal what I have learned this night—that I shall so expose to the world the depths of my own misery and degradation. Only leave me; only let me never look upon your face again.”

Nothing could have given him more clearly a sense of the distance which had come between them than these words of Regina's. It was as if by a fierce convulsion of the earth the Gray Cliff had been rent in twain, and all the mighty waters of the ocean had rolled between them. He took the ring mechanically, and, leaning over the edge of the cliff, dropped it down, down to the eager waves, which rushed forth to grasp it. “So be it, Regina; may you never learn the bitterness of an unforgiving spirit.”

She was alone—alone with the ocean, which had never failed to have an answering note of sympathy for every changing mood of hers. Now the angry breakers lashed the shore with wild vehemence, which subsided into a mournful, piteous wail as the broken waves swept back again only to return with gathered strength in their white wreaths of foam.

II.

Two years later, and with glory of sea and sky, after an eve of darkness and tempest, Christmas morn dawned again, heralding the glad tidings of “peace on earth, good will to man.” The serene blue of the heavens, with its golden fringe of clouds, told not of the storm of ice and sleet which had darkened its glory the night before, and the sea-green waves of the ocean, rocking to and fro with peaceful, murmuring undertones, told not of the storming waves, the ter-

rible shipwrecks, which had disturbed its quiet depths. Only the trees, with sparkling coats of mail—each twig a prism for the sifting sunbeams—and the masses of wet, tangled sea-weed, high up on the gray cliffs, told of the storm which had raged. A week before, for the first time in the years which had passed, the Rutherford mansion had been opened. By one of the windows, looking out upon the sea, a man was standing. No thought of tempest and shipwreck, or of brightness and sunshine, occupied his thoughts, but the warning words of a friend the day before: “Go, if you like, Sanford; there will be plenty to envy you as a lucky dog, but count me out. You were abroad at the time, and so have never heard the story. It's a weird, desolate old place, taken at the best, but in winter it is especially dreary and uncanny, with that eternal sounding of the sea forever entering into everything you say and do—ugh! it makes me shiver now. But, however, we managed to be as merry and gay a party as a wedding usually calls together. There were just enough of us to be social without oppressing each other with our weight, and old Rutherford with his millions was not niggardly in his entertainment. It was a whim of the bride's to be married there—some nonsense about the ocean, I believe—and it was Hartman's wish to be married on Christmas Day; and so, though we had to go seven miles by stage—of course, Rutherford sent his carriage—we all went, on a wild-goose chase as it proved, down to their ocean house. The last load, and with it Hartman, arrived the day before Christmas. You never saw a more devoted couple than they were; Hartman looked upon her as a sort of goddess, and, I believe, thought it profanation to so much as touch her hand; and she—well, you know you can never tell much about a woman. But, anyway, Christmas morning came, and

neither Hartman nor Miss Regina were to be seen, though none of us thought that strange. We were at the breakfast table when some one said—and, by Jove! I've never been able to recollect who, the announcement so startled me—that there would be no wedding that day. When I did venture to look up and around me, it was only to read my own astonishment depicted in every face. Old Rutherford alone sat there self-possessed, grim, and forbidding, as if defying anyone to question him.

"You can imagine that we were not exactly a merry breakfast party after that, though we managed to get through with it in some way. Afterward we learned that Hartman had left the night before, leaving an incoherent letter to Regina's father, freeing her from all blame, and that was all we ever knew: the mystery, whatever it was, was never explained. There were rumors of a midnight meeting on a rock down by the ocean, but that was all a servants' fabrication. Nothing has ever really been known, except that they were to be married and were not. Hartman sailed for South America, or some other out-of-the-way place, and the next spring Rutherford took his daughter to Europe. About them since you know more than I; only not all the wealth of the Indies would tempt me, as far as Miss Regina Rutherford is concerned."

That was all. Well, what was there in all this? Certainly nothing detrimental to Miss Rutherford. She had probably at the last moment learned something which had caused her to break off the marriage, and she had had the courage to do what few women would have done.

Twelve months before, Mr. Sanford had met the father and daughter for the first time in Rome. He remembered as vividly as if it had been but yesterday, the first glimpse he had had of Regina Rutherford. She was leaning against a

pedestal in a dreamy, listless attitude. A beam of the bright sunshine of Italy resting on the golden radiance of her hair, made of it a halo of glory, and the pure face was as that of some Madonna who had descended from her shrine and was wandering about intent on deeds of charity. After, they had met repeatedly in palaces, gardens, and galleries; then some favor which he had been able to render the father, had secured him an introduction to the daughter. At Naples they had separated, only to meet again in Venice, and after that they had continued their travels together. There had always been a certain reserve in Regina's manner, during all these months of acquaintanceship, which he had never been able to penetrate. It was the father's invitation which had brought him now to the old Rutherford mansion, but he well knew that the invitation would never have been given without the daughter's consent, and from that knowledge he gained encouragement.

In the room above, looking out upon the same quiet sea, drinking in eagerly the brightness and beauty before her, sat Regina Rutherford. Save that the tender, beseeching look had died out of the dark eyes, the two years had wrought but little change in her, only to fulfill and perfect the beauty which then had seemed perfection. Her father had said to her when telling of the invitation given and accepted, "Mr. Sanford is a man whom I respect, my daughter, and if you could——"

"Pray, father, don't!" Regina had cried, putting out her hands in passionate entreaty.

"My daughter, you know that I am very old, and I should feel better about leaving you, if I could first see you the wife of some strong, good man. I know that Mr. Sanford esteems you highly, and I only ask you to consider well before you treat lightly the esteem of such a man."

"Father, I beg you not to mention such a thing again," replied Regina, firmly. "It would be useless for Mr. Sanford to speak of love to me." Then, seeing the shadow on his brow, she continued, with a tender caress: "You are not getting tired of me, father!—why can we not go on together as we are, you and I, and be content?"

The father shook his head, with a sad smile. "Regina, you are no longer a foolish, dreaming girl, but a woman—of whom I would not have it said, that all her life long she went mourning the falseness of one man."

It was the first time that by word or look the subject had been alluded to by him. Regina shivered with proud sensitiveness. Nothing more was said; but now, as she looked out upon the tranquil sea, thinking over those words, and knowing that in the room below one was waiting for her, rest and quiet seemed very sweet, and any life or change welcome which would crowd out or numb the dull, heavy pain which had never ceased throbbing in her heart. The young, fresh passion of life she felt was dead; the deep yearnings of her nature, which had demanded that the man she loved should be something higher and greater than herself, would never be satisfied. Why should she not make her life like the sea, stretching out calm and tranquil, with the wrecks buried deep below? What would be the wrong in her taking this man's offered love? A voice from the ocean seemed to call her; an impulse, which she blindly followed, led her down to its waves. No snow had fallen yet that winter, and the overhanging cliff stood out gray and bare, with the dead mosses of the past summer clinging to it. The keen salt air had a charm in its touch, such as the soft air of Italy had never possessed, and, wooed by its caresses, the warm blood sent a sweet pink flush over cheek and brow. What was it that the tender,

entreating waves were whispering to her in tones so soft and low? Beseeching her to listen, reproaching each other with sad melancholy for their vain efforts to make her understand, then striving together to make their meaning clear in a chorus so sweet and grand that it seemed to swell from wave to sky in liquid harmony. "In vain, in vain," the receding waves murmured to each other; "the dull, cold heart of the woman fails to interpret the voice, which would have been a revelation to the loving heart of the girl." And the chant became a requiem.

An hour later, Maurice Sanford, pacing the beach with restless steps, beheld her sitting there, motionless as the Gray Cliff, which for untold centuries had defied the power of wind and wave; a far-away look in her dark eyes, and a radiance shining in her face such as he had never seen before. It was as if over the silvery white of the lily the flush of the rose should be shed. Maurice had not meant to speak so soon, but now a sudden longing seized him, which made suspense a pain unbearable. He sprung up the path to her side. She welcomed him with a vague, wondering smile, more enchanting than any speech could have been; and then, out upon the pure air of Christmas morning, he poured the story of his love—told it in eloquent speech of truth and tenderness; while Regina listened—listened without hearing, for the voice of the ocean deafened her ear to the sense of every other sound. He waited her answer. A proud humility forbade his interpreting this passive silence as consent.

"Even if you can not bless my love," he entreated, "Regina, my darling—you will let me call you so once—I shall never regret this feeling, which will enrich all my life."

He had been standing very near the edge of the cliff while speaking. A bright flashing gleam in the tangled sea-

weed caught his eye. He stooped and picked up the ring which Gray Hartman had dropped two years before, while standing in that same place. And now the ocean heaved a tremulous sigh of blessed content, and the waves broke into rippling smiles.

"See, Regina!" he cried, holding toward her the ring—"you can not blame my love, where nature even pays tribute at your court, and old ocean brings you its Christmas gift."

Strangely moved, she seemed as if the sea had given up its dead, and the shadow of a buried hope flitted across her face. She made an impetuous movement forward to take it from his hand, and by that movement jarred from its resting-place a stone which had served as a support for her arm. It was a flat, evenly balanced stone, covering a cup-like cavity in the rock. Regina remembered to have said once, in merry jest, that it was the place where the mermen left their love-missives for her. Now she saw concealed within, what seemed a folded paper upon which her name was written. Mechanically she bent and took it from its hiding-place, while Maurice Sanford looked on with blank amazement, a sudden sense of the hopelessness of his suit blinding and confusing him. He uttered some incoherent words of pain and regret, but Regina stopped him gently.

"My friend, the love which you offer me would be a precious gift to a better woman than I—I am not worthy of one pang of regret. Thank me, rather, that probably something has happened to prevent my selfishly accepting a love to which I could bring no return. O, I thank God, that I have at least escaped that added misery."

"But," he cried, catching at the faint hope in her words, "I would be content, Regina, if you would only let me love and care for you."

"No," she returned, with sudden en-

ergy, "that is false, or else you do not love. I have tried to delude myself with that thought; but now I see clearly it would be misery for me—it would be worse than misery for you. Besides," she added, with a touch of scorn, "you do not know me as I am—as I loathe myself—cold, selfish, and unforgiving; living a life of mere egoisms; striving always for my own content; longing at times for death, simply because life had denied me the blessings which I craved, and faith, truth, and tenderness had become mere sounding words, of which—"

Maurice Sanford interrupted her with the rare delicacy which only a pure feeling excites:

"Regina, you are making confessions to me which belong by right to another. Something, I feel, has happened which makes the avowal of my love unwelcome to you. Let it be between us as if it had never been."

And Regina cried, with piteous self-reproach: "I bring only sorrow and misery to all who love me!"

Alone with the murmuring ocean, alone with that strange missive which seemed to have come from another world, she did not seem to read the written words—they burned themselves in her mind like letters of fire. She heard the voice, the tender caressing tones; felt the old strange power of his presence come over her. Not one word of reproach did the letter breathe; only sorrow for her pain, remorse for having brought it unwillingly upon her.

"I know that sometime, dearest, you will visit this place, where the keenest bliss and the sharpest sorrow of your young life have come to you. It will be after the first bitterness of your anger has worn off—long years from now, may be; but until that time comes, I confide these words as a sacred trust to the ocean you love so well, and when you read them, if one touch of compassion, one throb of returning love moves your heart, I shall know it: for though I may be an unknown wanderer in an unknown land, my spirit will forever haunt the Gray Cliff, where first the possibilities of what life might be with you by my side dawned upon me. . . . I never told you the story of my life, Regina, because when I was

with you, the consciousness of our love blotted out all else. My mother had but two children. My half-brother, Duke Aubry, was four years my senior. A handsome, self-willed, tyrannical boy he was, but my mother's darling, and she resented it as a very bitter wrong when my father made me the sole heir of his property. Ever after she treated me as an alien, even when she knew that my first act, upon obtaining my majority, was to give a portion of my property to Duke, who in less than a year had spent it in a reckless and dissolute life. After that, he made constant demands upon me, until both my purse and my patience were exhausted. Suddenly his appeals for money ceased, though he continued living in the same reckless, extravagant manner as before. If I gave the matter any thought, it was to wonder at his unusual success at cards. Then the mystery was explained: a forged check had been presented, and cashed at the bank before the forgery was detected. The check was traced to Duke Aubry, who came forward with the fairest face in the world, and declared that I had given him the check. If it was a forgery, he knew nothing about it. The check was drawn upon my guardian. I was summoned, and my first glance told me that the check was one I had written years before—I recognized it by the peculiar shading of a certain letter. As a boy I had a silly passion for imitating any peculiar handwriting, and I remembered perfectly well the circumstances under which this had been written—some boyish wager had stimulated me to make the trial. Duke, it seemed, had found and preserved it for future use if necessary. But I will not linger over this part of my story; suffice it to say that my word was sufficient to free me from all shadow of suspicion. I replaced the money which Duke had used, but no consideration of self would ever have led me to shield Duke Aubry, had I not known that he had succeeded in gaining the affections of a sweet young girl whom my mother had adopted, though I did not know at the time that they were already secretly married. Poor Alice!—I was very fond of her. The only brightness that had ever come to my life had come through her; but she never mistook the brotherly feeling I possessed for her, though Duke pretended to do so, and often taunted her with regretting my love. Ask your own heart, Regina, if I speak truly or falsely when I say, that to you I have given the overpowering love which a man gives to but one woman in his life!"

There was more, explaining all the conversation of that night, fragments of which Regina had heard. Now she read it with a thrill of relief and joy leaping out from under the weight of doubt and despair; while the sunbeams came shimmering down in rays of gold, and the air seemed laden with the messages of peace and love, which, more than eighteen hundred years before, One had come to proclaim. And now the unending re-

frain was joyous and exultant, as the coming tide sent the rising waves higher and farther up, until with lingering caress they kissed the topmost edge of the Gray Cliff.

III.

And yet another year had completed its cycle of seasons. Summer noontide and winter twilight had come and gone; spring had unfolded its blossoms, summer had ripened to golden harvests its rich fields of grain, and the earth again on Christmas eve was held fast bound in a sleep of ice and snow. All that year, in her home by the sounding sea, Regina had listened to the melody of unwritten music; through the mingled echoes of the rolling surf a fainter echo had sounded in her soul, whispering once more of love and hope, which, as the days glided into weeks and the weeks into months, sounded fainter and farther away. The tidings which came to her from the busy, gossiping outside world had all melted into one burning, glowing sentence—"Gray Hartman has returned;" and in these words were embraced all the fresh brightness of spring, the dewy sweetness of summer, the sad sighing of autumn.

A woman of more vanity and less love would have waited, and waiting died. As the Christmas time approached, the rippling waves kissed the Gray Cliff, murmuring sweet reproaches all the time, to which Regina listened with vague incomprehension. "In vain have we labored and striven; in vain have we guarded the trust confided to us. She values pride more than happiness or love." Then their meaning dawned upon her, and with a tremor of gladness in her glance, and in her dark eyes the reflection of the "Star of the East," she wrote and sent again the message,

"Come to the Gray Cliff. I await you there."

And this time it was love and the sweet abnegation of self, not anger, that

reigned in her full heart. He would understand; other words would be superfluous. There are feelings that move the heart which are far above the power of speech to elaborate, and so the first moments of their meeting were moments of silence, oppressive with their burden of bliss. Gray spoke first:

"Regina, my goddess! never in my wildest dreams have I imagined the deep joy of this moment."

With a swift, sudden movement, Regina bent toward him:

"Not your goddess, Gray, but a tender, loving woman."

The rosy radiance of dawn drowned

the gray from the heavens, and the hymn of angels and archangels was in the air. The waves, triumphant and jubilant, filled of the glorious sunshine with ecstatic gladness, gushed higher and fuller, sweeter and stronger, then died away into trembling silence. An anthem for all ages, whose first note of harmony was sounded when a babe was cradled in a manger, and the wise men of the east, beholding the star, came to worship and adore Him who said:

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

THE ROMANCE OF A LODGER.

THERE was no legend of "Rooms to Let," no sign of human life to be seen, as I went up the countless steps from the street to the front door. All the blinds were closed. Thick dust upon them, upon the ivy which overran the piazza, upon the weeping-willow which drooped over some neglected flower-beds, and upon a thick screen of cedar-trees which hid the entire place from the notice of passers-by, and gave it a lonely air, as if deserted. Perhaps houses, like faces, have prophecy or history in their aspect, and this was burdened with a prophetic gloom. I paused on the top step, for breath and to enjoy the view. The same intoxication in the atmosphere of San Francisco, which is so exhilarating to the happy, has a depressing effect on those troubled in mind, and as I stood there I was overwhelmed with the forlorn sense of loneliness in a great city, which weighs more heavily than elsewhere upon a stranger on the hill-tops of San Francisco. If my love for the picturesque had not caused me to climb the

long hill, and, finding an enchanting view of the bay, desire to reside where I could constantly survey it, thus driving me to look for a room then and there, how much better it would have been for four people! Or, I might say, for three; as I, myself, have great elasticity of temperament—nothing pains me very long. Indeed, I have often been called selfish and cold. What strange ideas people sometimes have! How absurd to call me heartless, when no one is more alive to the beautiful in nature and art! A fine landscape often thrills me with an emotion which fills my eyes with tears. About my so-called fellow-creatures, that is a different matter. People often change and come to dislike you, but a picture is forever your friend. How much better to be devoted to high art than to be much interested in common life.

As I waited, suddenly the door behind me opened as if by magic. I turned, but no one was in sight. A long dark hall stretched off into space, in which I could dimly perceive a pair of

huge antlers arranged for a hat-rack, and near the door a map of Arizona.

"Are there any rooms to let in the immediate neighborhood?" I asked, addressing empty air. A woman's head appeared first round the door, and gradually her figure came in sight—a peculiar-looking elderly woman, with something strangely familiar in her face; a woman who seemed to have lived in such seclusion that any stranger appeared a foe, and who was in continual fear of something which never happened, giving furtive glances over her shoulder into the cavernous depths of the dismal hall.

"No."

She spoke in a constrained manner, and eyed me with apparent suspicion when I explained that I admired the prospect so much that I wished to live on that hill. She made no response beyond a bow as I left her; but as I was descending the steps, she came, as if unwillingly, a step or two after me, saying:

"My son—my son is in Arizona. I might—let you have his room."

I turned, half-disinclined to enter the dark house; but another glance at the vapory horizon made me follow her, through long passages, up and down steps, to an irregular room, apparently once detached from the main body of the house. What had been a balcony had been glassed up, and shelves in it were loaded with strange tropical plants which emitted an overpowering odor. There was a glimpse of the bay. Trophies of the man's hunting expeditions decorated the room—antlers, eagles' claws, stuffed birds, and small animals. There was a large engraving of "Paolo and Francesca" drifting down, down to the murky depths of the Inferno. There were some hanging shelves filled with old school-books, interspersed with a few Spanish plays and French novels. It was the one cheerful spot, evidently

kept clean and bright for the son who had been absent for years, and was not yet expected to return. She showed the place and received the rent with manifest reluctance, especially as I preferred to take care of my room.

When my trunk came, I hastened to unpack a few household gods which should make me feel at home—an inlaid work-box, a statuette of "Storm," a sofa-cushion of silk patch-work, some fanciful toilet articles, a few books of poetry and travel, and my "Fetich," an unknown picture which came into my possession in an Eastern city in my business of photograph-coloring. I tinted it with the tenderest care, and had it framed, with some lines it inspired me to write beneath it, in a deep velvet and gilt frame. Wherever I went, that picture had been with me for years. I never made any effort to discover the original. I never expected to meet him, but I often wove romances in my mind about him. I had ceased to desire to know him. I was satisfied with my dreams. I hung it where, as I sat at work, I could see it reflected in the mirror (the finest way to view any picture), wherein he gazed like Swinburne's heroine:

"Glad, but not flushed with gladness,
Since joys go by;
Sad, but not bent with sadness,
Since sorrows die;
Deep in the gleaming glass
She sees all past things pass,
And all sweet life that was,
Lie down and die."

In the glassed alcove I contrived to arrange a studio for what work I brought home, and led a very secluded life. For many weeks I heard no one, saw no one, in the house, except occasionally the shy forlorn woman who first admitted me. My busy days passed so rapidly that Sunday, idle and therefore the largest bead on the string, was the only reminder of them as they slipped through my grasp.

One night I wished to pay my rent before going out of town to spend Sunday, and wandered through the maze of crooked steps and corners until I thought I had found the landlady's room. There was no answer to my gentle knock. I opened the door. A vague dread fell upon me, though the room was commonplace enough. A powerfully-built man sat by the window, with his face turned from me. He was playing with a parrot, whose perch was fastened in the window; some movement made in doing this showed me a strong leash wound about his huge frame and binding him to an iron-framed chair, which was in turn held by iron bands to the floor. I caught a glimpse of his face. Good heavens! I screamed aloud in surprise and horror. It was more like the face of a brute than that of a man—receding forehead and chin, great hooked nose, tiny bead-like eyes. He paid no attention to me, but the parrot mocked me with grotesque nods, and called:

"Madam! madam!"

Upon this, the landlady came from an inner room, but not before *It* had discovered my presence, and given me a stare of fiendish malignity. Hastily closing the door upon the scene, she shut herself and me out in the hall. I told her my errand and paid her. She immediately followed me to my room with a small glass of brandy.

"You are trembling with nervousness; take this," she said. After a moment's pause she added: "Never come to my part of the house. I will come here for the rent when I want it." Nothing more. No explanation of the mystery. After this, I felt a sense of uneasiness when I entered the dark old house, which was not lessened by suddenly perceiving a new partition across the first crook in the labyrinth which led toward the landlady's quarters. This made me a sort of prisoner in my part.

One night I was aroused by the sud-

den lighting of the gas. Through the lace drapery over the bed I saw a man's figure standing before the mantel-piece, lithe and graceful; he was in the act of throwing down the match upon the hearth.

"This," said he, "is coming from the gate of hell to paradise!"

As he stood he caught sight of my treasured unknown picture. "What!" he exclaimed, and looking more closely, read aloud my lines beneath it:

'Not strange to me, yet all unknown;
Though unpossessed, thou art my own,

"Where hast thou been through cycles' roll,
O errant half of my sad soul?"

"Half-alien to the jar and fret
Of all this planet yields thee, yet

"Thy glance, with sadness faintly fraught,
Shows vague regret has vexed thy thought—

"Vain, haunting hint of happy star,
Whence thou and I have strayed too far!

"Whether from heaven's heights afar,
Or leaving gates of hell ajar,

"Our spirits to each other tend,
In each new sphere again we blend,

"O lips, with curve like Dacian bow,
Beneath moustache of jealous flow,

"For kiss of thine, like arrow sped,
I'd die though living, live if dead!

"I sigh for thee with love long pent,
Like music in sweet instrument,

"Then cut the mesh of circumstance,
And seek, till met, my eager glance!

"I come to thee! Thine eyes divine
Are lights within my pilgrim shrine!

"For thee! for thee! my true soul prays,
As rosary I count my days—

"Till one whose amber heart embalms
Our clinging lips and clasping arms!"

"Well—of all the mysteries! Where did she get this picture?—and who wrote this?"

He looked around. Heavens! was I dreaming? The very counterpart of my idol! He noticed other things of mine.

"She must have been letting the room," he muttered. A thought struck him: "Perhaps it is let *now!*"

He turned toward the bed, where I

sat holding the curtains apart, and lost in amazement, watching him.

"I—I—I beg your pardon! I—this room was mine—I was not aware—excuse me!" and in an instant he was gone.

I could have believed it all a dream, but for the dreadfully wide-awake trouble of being obliged to get up and put out that gas. I could not go to sleep again for puzzling over this extraordinary adventure. Was this a new lodger? By what marvelous coincidence had my unknown come face to face with his long-treasured portrait? Or was he the "materialized spirit" of the original, who, for all I knew, might have been twenty years dead? I could not decide. Next morning I found on the carpet the card of a hotel in Tucson, and then it flashed upon me that it was the old owner of the room.

The landlady came with him that evening to apologize and explain, and introduce her son; her timid manner all gone in satisfaction at his return. He brought some delicious fruits and French candies. "A slight compensation," he remarked, "for the severe shock to your nerves."

I suppose I really ought to have screamed, but I knew my laces and frills were fresh and becoming, and indeed I was too surprised at finding the original of my cherished picture, which I, of course, immediately screened from view. I had one other picture, "Blossom and Decay." Upon close inspection, this is a youth and maiden in an arched window, with a dainty repast before them; but, viewed from a distance, the arch is the outline of a skull, the pair are the hollows for eyes, and their tiny cakes and bottles the teeth. Unpleasant, but the only picture I had of sufficient size to obscure that of the unknown. It was a birth-day gift from a man who had professed great devotion to me. I have never been able to make

out what he meant by it, and could never ask him, as it was a farewell. He shot himself that same day.

My new acquaintance—Arnot, as his mother called him—and I at once became good friends. He was fond of art, and I am intensely interested in tales of travel. He showed me rough sketches he had made of scenes in Arizona—the wonderful Grand Cañon, where for nearly five hundred miles the Colorado flows through a gorge whose vertical or overhanging walls rise upon either side to from four to six thousand feet; the last of the famous Yuma Indian beauties on her funeral pile; Aliza Pass, where the Baboquiveri range forms a boundary between the hostile Papagoes and Apaches, and where a pile of stones, literally bristling with arrows, marks the scene of many desperate battles; the strange and lofty peak of the Baboquiveri, its eagle-headed outline sharply defined, the range from which it towers stretching off in long wings of barren rock, perpendicular cliffs, and pinnacles like church-towers, till lost in the southern and northern horizon—in the foreground a herd of antelope, and a drove of wild horses trotting off with gracefully flowing manes and tails; and a desert scene, with small acacias, and the leafless *palo-verde*, over which towered countless gigantic columns of the *saguarra* (or giant cactus), a rising storm adding a weird gloom like that of Dore's darkest conceptions, and making the country seem fitly called "The Gate of Hell." All these he had thrilling stories about, sometimes of his own experience, sometimes those told him by the fires of mining-camps. After this we met almost daily, of course, and seemed to have always known each other.

One afternoon, when the west was all aflame, the ruins of all my air-castles looming in royal purple and gold, and my room transfigured, I was sitting in the full radiance, when Arnot came.

"Do not rise," he said; "you look like a saint in a cathedral window."

I pointed to the sunset blaze.

"Ah!" he cried, "if you could have been with me in the desert, and seen the mirage! Travelers from round the world have told me that the mirage on the desert which begins in Lower California and stretches north between the Sierra Nevada and the Colorado River, is more beautiful than on any other desert."

"I am in a desert," I answered, "and I behold a lovely and wonderful mirage!"

"Do you remember the 'Devotion of the Saracens?' I know that 'devoted pilgrim who had been tottering weary and worn across the great desert to Arabia, in search of the Mecca where existed the ideal of all his imaginary dreamings, in order that he might lay his heart, his hand, his fortune, and perhaps his life, a noble sacrifice at the shrine of his idol!'"

We were on dangerous ground.

"That great aloe darkens the room too much for my work. I wish you would have it removed."

"I had that placed near my window because its Arabic name signifies 'patience.' I used to study there, and fancy the sight of that tree encouraged me. I often thought of it when in the desert, where, except *cacti*, Spanish bayonet, yucca, and the unfailing grease-wood bush, I saw nothing but aloes."

Next day the tree disappeared. In the evening Arnot grieved over it:

"My poor aloe! Swung from censers in Egyptian temples, kissed and touched to forehead like a sacred relic, I feel as if I had lost one of my guardian angels. Do you know the Jews believe the aloe will keep off evil spirits? Now we are all at their mercy!"

"You were surrounded by them in Arizona, I should think."

"Hostile Indians and treacherous

Mexicans were no worse to deal with than the little better disguised foes of society. It is principally a matter of clothes. Human nature is really slightly affected by civilization."

It was a curious psychological fact, that while I knew the perfection of art was to appear artless, he, with only the wise simplicity of childhood in every glance of his great honest eyes, believed himself thoroughly versed in the wiles of this wicked world.

"Then you were happy?"

"After a fashion. Man naturally takes to a wild life. The workings of conscience come to seem a refinement of civilization, so artificial that they are gone in the absence of restraint."

"I have some severe 'workings of conscience' about making you sacrifice your favorite tree. You look as if you had lost part of yourself."

With a sigh, a smile, and an eloquent glance, he answered: "*Qui sait amour sait mourir!*" Tears sprang to my eyes. I have such an emotional nature, I frequently weep in conversation—that is, unless I am dressed in some material easily injured by drops of water. "Ah!" he exclaimed, seizing my hand, "you know it—you feel it?" Now, this was what I did not want, and, to my great relief, his mother just then called him away.

I overheard her remonstrating with him upon being so infatuated with a stranger of whom they knew nothing. He replied: "When I can dress her completely in spun silver, what will people ask about her antecedents?" I can not deny that I sighed over that costume of "spun silver," but no one can have everything. My powers of fascination and my exquisite sensibility, united with silver-mines, would be too much happiness for any one woman. Still, I resolved to learn how much property he possessed, and inwardly cursed my adverse fate.

One day I sat in the glassed alcove, touching up some photographs I was obliged to hurry about. I had been sitting steadily for several hours, and was greatly fatigued. I opened one of the swinging windows to gain fresh air. Not long after I suddenly saw what at first looked like a gorgeous tropical blossom moving among the plants, but it proved to be the parrot I had seen in the other part of the house. Not accustomed to such birds, and disliking them, I shook my picture at him, endeavoring to drive him out. At this he took offense, and, ruffling all his feathers, chuckled with impish glee, and grotesquely nodded his head. I threatened him with my brush, but he only cried in derision, "Madam—madam!" and flew at me. Tired and nervous, I fought as I might have combated a tiger. In my fright I struck him away so that he fell out of the window, torn, fluttering, and screaming. As I looked after him, I beheld that horrible head at a distant window, watching my proceedings with evident disapprobation. The bird, lamed by the fight, awkwardly climbed in to his master, who shook his fist at me, and then closed the window and drew the curtain. Why people will keep such ill-mannered pets I can not imagine. I felt I had now gained the ill-will of that horrid monster. All my old uneasiness, lately lulled, was roused again. I thought I would move immediately, but when Arnot came in the evening, I was rested and refreshed by bath and dainty toilet, and thought I would wait awhile. Yet he made such ardent protestations of interest that I was forced to tell him I could not return it, and he would compel me to leave.

"No," he said, "you need not go on my account. I will return to the pleasant companions of years, the gray wolf and grizzly bear, the ferocious panther, the sluggish rattlesnake, and the fierce Apache."

"Do you like mining so much? Did you find much ore?"

"Don't you know that in Arizona the hoofs of one's horse throw up silver with the dust? I never found it except where I must have had ox-teams to carry it a hundred miles to smelt it, and might perish for water. Mexican traditions credit the Santa Rita mines with immense treasure. Twice within two centuries they have been worked; old openings on some of the veins, and ruined furnaces and arrastras, prove this, but the Apaches depopulated the country."

I looked at him with pity. He was so picturesque he ought to have lived forever, just for his beauty. "What if they should kill you?" I murmured.

"What will it matter?" he answered, bitterly; "*you* will not care!"

"I shall."

"For the treasure consequently lost, perhaps; I believe that is woman's one thought."

"Take care. You are bitter and insolent."

"Pardon me. Let me tell you a story. Toward the coast of the Gulf of California the plains are barren and arid deserts; for hundreds of miles no plant but dry and thorny *cacti*. The granite mountains on the border are yet more awfully barren—nothing but masses of pure white rock, which reflect the sun with dazzling splendor. The loneliness is heightened by coming upon ruins of long-fallen towns, of many-storied buildings of stone, and of large aqueducts, and on widely scattered bits of pottery, remnants of the Moqui race. In this wilderness, where, if anywhere, human companionship might be properly valued, I have known a Mexican woman, who, discovering that her lover had quilted twenty-dollar pieces into his clothing until it was a regular suit of armor, gave him a sleeping-draught, and, carrying off every piece, joined a strange caravan going another way."

"What did he do?"

"What could he do? This is what he did: For years he tasted that unpleasant potion she gave him whenever a woman came into his sight!"

However hard the experience of Arnot might have been, his distrust of women was not sincere. He was so innocent of guile that he yet believed anything and everything a woman said.

"If you have so poor an opinion of women, why do you interest yourself in me?"

"Because I can not help it. You drive me crazy." He stopped and colored up.

"Tell me about the strange man in the other part of the house."

"Where have you seen him?" he asked, in surprise.

I told him. He looked troubled, went to the door, examined the lock; to the windows, and tried the fastenings.

"He is my uncle," he said, "and not an agreeable subject for discussion. Let us talk of other matters. When the Vigilance Committee cleared San Francisco, many of the ruffians and gamblers went to Arizona. How do you know I was not one, and that I returned expressly to teach you poker? Stakes, for this occasion, chocolate drops!"

As we played, he said: "I wonder if in the game of life hearts are your trumps."

"Clubs were yours in Arizona."

"Many women prefer diamonds to hearts; but, after all, spades are what most win when the game of life closes!"

I can see him now as he spoke, with no prophetic shadow on his handsome face, so soon to become only "a picture on memory's wall." More than once during the few weeks that followed I heard strange noises at night, and on one occasion I really fancied some one was trying to force an entrance through the conservatory. I am not naturally timid, but I mentioned it to Arnot next day,

with an expression of innocent appeal and infantine helplessness, which has ever been one of my most effective weapons. Next morning, rising earlier than usual, I nearly stumbled over him asleep before my door on a great wolf-skin robe, and he kept guard there nightly afterward.

I felt that the charm of Arnot's presence was growing dangerous to my peace. Over and over again I resolved to leave, yet I lingered on. As if I had not already trouble enough on my mind, one afternoon my landlady entered under the pretense of bringing in towels she had always left at the door. After some preliminary remarks about nothing in particular, she said:

"I want to ask a favor of you. You look like a good-hearted woman." I think, myself, there is a great deal in physiognomy. "You know how much my son thinks of you. Don't drive him back to Arizona. I have been so lonely without him, and my nights were sleepless from anxiety. To be sure, I see little of him now, he is so interested in you, but at least I know he is safe and at home. O, if you only would encourage him"—beginning to cry. "I can see he is thinking of going away, because you do not like him as he likes you"—crying.

I was distressed beyond measure, not so much at her grief as at the conviction that the dreaded climax was near. How could I tell this strange woman all my own troubles! In vexation and despair, I cried, too.

"O!" she said, "you will—you must love him!"

"I can not—I do—I must not—I—O, why did this happen!" I incoherently declared.

"Why?" she demanded. "Answer me, as you hope for a merciful judgment hereafter!"

"I—I—I—will not. I will go—away," I sobbed.

"Listen," she said—"all the men of his family are liable to insanity. His uncle went mad and killed his father. The very restlessness which kept Arnot wandering in Arizona for years shows his tendency toward it. You will drive him either to death among the Apaches or insanity here. Choose your own course; but, as you deal with my boy, may God deal with you. You have enchanted him, and you can not break the spell, you wicked sorceress!"

How I wished, as I lay sobbing on the lounge, that I had long since removed his picture, for the one over it had slipped down to the mantel-piece, leaving it in full view. As if my mind influenced hers, she turned at that instant and discovered it.

"What does this mean?" she cried, rushing to it and reading my lines. "Why do you coquet with him thus? How dare you torment him so? O, to think how I was deceived in your sweet face and voice when you came to my door! Surely, some evil spirit prompted me to give you his room. Go—go to-morrow! Your month was out last week; never mind, here is the rent back again."

As the poor woman threw the money on the table, she heard her son come home, and left me, trembling with anger and despair. I had dared to try to take my fate in my own hands, and live as I chose—to change a destiny which was too heavy a trial to be borne. I had resolved to be lost to old friends, yet my new ones had brought me only misery. I was too unnerved to fasten my door after her, and an hour later Arnot came. He was greatly agitated over my evident trouble.

"You say you are going to-morrow, and you do not tell me why!" he exclaimed, in dismay.

Since his mother's disclosure, I was afraid to explain. I sat silent.

"I will follow you!" he said.

This was a fresh complication. "You shall not know where I go," I cried, in desperation.

"I will find you, in this world or the next," he grimly replied, and turned to leave me. Something disconsolate in my attitude recalled him. He came up to me, and, taking my hands, gazed at me with all the hunger of his heart looking out of his beautiful eyes. Not the first, but—O! Arnot—the last, last time! "I am afraid of your slipping away from my knowledge like a spirit. I feel as if we two stood on the edge of an abyss, and when I drop your hands I must go down into perpetual night. *Quien ha vista el mañana?* Say 'Good-by,' now, lest you disappear before morning."

"Good-by!"

He wrung my hands, touched his lips to my hair as I stood with bowed head, and left me. It was impossible to sleep that night. I could not even prepare for rest, but lay in my wrapper, and heard the clocks strike. Wicked invention to "arm with thunder the avenging hours." I had cried until I was thoroughly exhausted, and was so faint I did not know I had left my door unlocked, did not hear it open or close, knew of no approaching footsteps, but, without the slightest warning, suddenly beheld in the moonlight that fearful head near my own. I sprang up with a shriek smothered by weakness, too faint to alarm any one. He was crouching beside the bed, laughing and muttering: "*This is the woman who spies about my door! This is the woman who flings my precious bird—my familiar spirit—out of her window! What shall be done to her? Ha! ha! ha! I spy about her door! I toss her out of the window!*" He was about to snatch me up, when another form loomed between him and the window (standing, for one instant, lithe and graceful, where I first saw it, weeks before), and caught him. There

was an awful struggle before my straining eyes in the dim light, a flash and report, a groan of pain, and a heavy fall of the two together, while I sat there with limbs paralyzed by fright, hysterically screaming. In another instant the landlady and some policemen entered. They carried the monster away, and I afterward read of his being sent to the asylum at Stockton.

Arnot was dead! In the contest his pistol was turned against himself. He had passed years unscathed among hostile Indians, yet came home to lose his life.

It was weeks before I recovered sufficiently from the shock to move away. In all that time I saw nothing of Arnot's mother. A servant waited on me and received my rent. On the morning of my departure, as I was going out of my room, my landlady came hastily in.

"Where is my picture?" I asked.

"Your picture!" she replied. "Who has the best right to Arnot's picture—the woman he loved, or the woman who loved him? You shall not have it. Is it not enough that you stole *him* from me, utterly and forever?"

We seemed to have curiously changed. She was self-possessed and defiant; I was now the one who trembled, and dreaded I knew not what.

"Tell me," she said, locking the door—"you shall not go until you tell me—why you coquetted so with my poor boy. You owe me that much."

"I—did not—coquet with him."

"Then—you cared for him?"

"Yes."

She caught my hands, and thanked me, and cried over me.

"That is yet more of a puzzle. Why did you repulse his advances?"

"Because—because—O, let me go!"

She unlocked the door. The carriage waited to take me to the boat. On the threshold I looked back for a moment at the room which had known such a tragedy; at the frail old lady, whose pitiful face watched mine, and whom I was leaving forever, under a weight of woe which might not have crushed her if I had not come there. I was struck with the pathetic expression of even her attitude; she might have been posing for a grief-stricken mother in a play. My artistic sense was gratified as it seldom is.

"Tell me," she entreated.

I waved my hand in mute farewell, and hastened down the long steps, never to return. I have not seen nor heard of her since.

And I? I returned to the East, to my husband.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRA.

NO. VII.—MOUNTAIN BUILDING.

THIS study of mountain building refers particularly to that portion of the range embraced between latitudes $36^{\circ} 30'$ and 39° . It is about 200 miles long, sixty wide, and attains an elevation along its axis of from 8,000 to nearly 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. The individual mountains that are distributed over this vast area, whether the

lofty and precipitous alps of the summit, the more beautiful and highly specialized domes and mounts dotted over the undulating flanks, or the huge bosses and angles projecting horizontally from the sides of cañons and valleys, have all been sculptured and brought into relief during the glacial epoch by the direct mechanical action of the ice-sheet, with

the individual glaciers into which it afterward separated. Our way to a general understanding of all this has been made clear by previous studies of valley formations—studies of the physical characters of the rocks out of which the mountains under consideration have been made, and of the widely contrasted methods and quantities of glacial and post-glacial denudation.

Notwithstanding the accessibility and imposing grandeur of the summit alps, they remain almost wholly unexplored. A few nervous raids have been made among them from random points adjacent to trails, and some of the more easily accessible, such as mounts Dana, Lyell, Tyndall, and Whitney, have been ascended, while the vast wilderness of mountains in whose fastnesses the chief tributaries of the San Joaquin and King's rivers take their rise, have been beheld and mapped from a distance, without any attempt at detail. Their echoes are never stirred even by the hunter's rifle, for there is no game to tempt either Indian or White man as far as the frosty lakes and meadows that lie at their bases, while their avalanche-swept and crevassed glaciers, their labyrinths of yawning gulfs and crumbling precipices, offer dangers that only powerful motives will induce anyone to face.

The view southward from the colossal summit of Mount Humphreys is indescribably sublime. Innumerable gray peaks crowd loftily into the keen azure, infinitely adorned with light and shade; lakes glow in lavish abundance around their bases; torrents whiten their denuded gorges; while many a glacier and bank of fountain *névé* leans back in their dark recesses. Awe-inspiring, however, as these vast mountain assemblies are, and incomprehensible as they may at first seem, their origin and the principal facts of their individual histories are problems easily solved by the patient student.

Beginning with pinnacles, which are

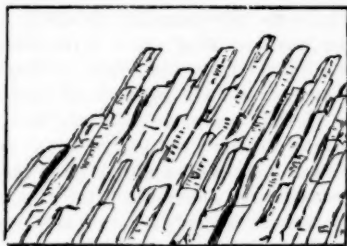


FIG. 1.

the smallest of the summit mountains: no geologist will claim that these were formed by special upheavals, nor that the little chasms which separated them were formed by special subsidences or rivings asunder of the rock; because many of these chasms are as wide at the bottom as at the top, and scarcely exceed a foot in depth; and many may be formed artificially by simply removing a few blocks that have been loosened.

The Sierra pinnacles are from less than a foot to nearly a thousand feet in height, and in all the cases that have come under my observation their forms and dimensions have been determined, not by cataclysmic fissures, but by the gradual development of orderly joints and cleavage planes, which gave rise to leaning forms where the divisional planes are inclined, as in Fig. 1, or to vertical where

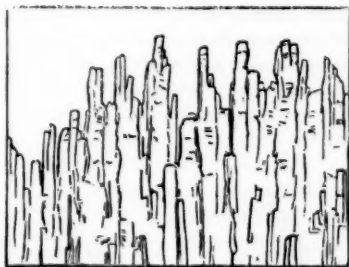


FIG. 2.

the planes are vertical, as in Fig. 2. Magnificent crests tipped with leaning pinnacles adorn the jagged flanks of Mount Ritter, and majestic examples of vertical pinnacle architecture abound

among the lofty mountain cathedrals on the heads of King's and Kern rivers. The minarets to the south of Mount Ritter are an imposing series of partially separate pinnacles about 700 feet in height, set upon the main axis of the range. Glaciers are still grinding their eastern bases, illustrating in the plainest manner the blocking out of these imposing features from the solid. The formation of small peaklets that roughen the flanks of large peaks may in like manner be shown to depend, not upon any up-thrusting or down-thrusting forces, but upon the orderly erosion and transportation of the material that occupied the intervening notches and gorges.

The same arguments we have been applying to peaklets and pinnacles are found to be entirely applicable to the main mountain peaks; for careful detailed studies demonstrate that as pinnacles are separated by eroded chasms, and peaklets by notches and gorges, so the main peaks are separated by larger chasms, notches, gorges, valleys, and wide ice-womb amphitheatres. When across hollows we examine contiguous sides of mountains, we perceive that the same mechanical structure is continued across intervening spaces of every kind, showing that there has been a removal of the material that once filled them—the occurrence of large veins oftentimes rendering this portion of the argument exceedingly conclusive, as in two peaks of

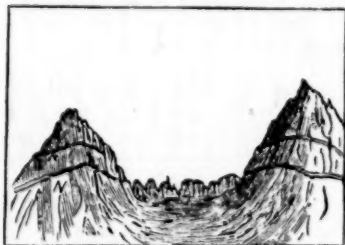


FIG. 3.

the Lyell group (Fig. 3), where the wide veins, N N, are continued across the

valley from peak to peak. We frequently find rows of pinnacles set upon a base, the cleavage of which does not admit of pinnacle formation; and in an analogous way we find immense slate mountains, like Dana and Gibbs, resting upon a plain granite pavement, as if they had been formed elsewhere, transported and set down in their present positions, like huge erratic boulders. It appears, therefore, that the loftiest mountains as well as peaklets and pinnacles of the summit region are residual masses of the once solid wave of the whole range, and that all that would be required to unbuild and obliterate these imposing structures would simply be the filling up of the labyrinth of intervening chasms, gorges, cañons, etc., which divide them, by the restoration of rocks that have disappeared. Here the important question comes up, What has become of the missing material, not the millionth part of which is now to be seen? It has not been ingulfed, because the bottoms of all the dividing valleys and basins are unmistakably solid. It must, therefore, have been carried away; and because we find portions of it scattered far and near in moraines, easily recognized by peculiarities of mineralogical composition, we infer that glaciers were the transporting agents. That glaciers have brought out the summit peaks from the solid with all their imposing architecture, simply by the formation of the valleys and basins in which they flowed, is a very important proposition, and well deserves careful attention.

We have already shown, in studies Nos. III. and IV., that all the valleys of region under consideration, from the minute striæ and scratches of the polished surfaces less than the hundredth part of an inch in depth, to the Yosemite gorges half a mile or more in depth, were all eroded by glaciers, and that post-glacial streams, whether small glancing brooklets or impetuous torrents, had

not yet lived long enough to fairly make their mark, no matter how unbounded their eroding powers may be. Still, it may be conjectured that pre-glacial rivers furrowed the range long ere a glacier was born, and that when at length the ice-winter came on with its great skyfuls of snow, the young glaciers crept into these river channels, overflowing their banks, and deepening, widening, grooving, and polishing them without destroying their identity. For the destruction of this conjecture it is only necessary to observe that the trends of the present valleys are strictly glacial, and glacial trends are extremely different from water trends; pre-glacial rivers could not, therefore, have exercised any appreciable influence upon their formation.

Neither can we suppose fissures to have wielded any determining influence, there being no conceivable coincidence between the zigzag and apparently accidental trends of fissures and the exceedingly specific trends of ice-currents. The same argument holds good against primary foldings of the crust, dislocations, etc. Finally, if these valleys had been hewn or dug out by any pre-glacial agent whatever, traces of such agent would be visible on mountain masses which glaciers have not yet segregated; but no such traces of valley beginnings are anywhere manifest. The heads of valleys extend back into mountain masses just as far as glaciers have gone and no farther.

Granting, then, that the greater part of the erosion and transportation of the material missing from between the mountains of the summit was effected by glaciers, it yet remains to be considered what agent or agents shaped the upper portions of these mountains, which bear no traces of glacial action, and which probably were always, as they now are, above the reach of glaciers. Even here we find the glacier to be indirectly the most influential agent, con-

stantly eroding backward, thus undermining their bases, and enabling gravity to drag down large masses, and giving greater effectiveness to the winter avalanches that sweep and furrow their sides. All the summit peaks present a crumbling, ruinous, unfinished aspect. Yet they have suffered very little change since the close of the glacial period, for if denudation had been extensively carried on, their separating pits and gorges would be choked with *débris*; but on the contrary, we find only a mere sprinkling of post-glacial *détritus*, and that the streams could not have carried much of this away is conclusively shown by the fact that the small lake-bowls through which they flow have not been filled up.

In order that we may obtain clear conceptions concerning the methods of glacial mountain building, we will now take up the formation of a few specially illustrative groups and peaks, without, however, entering into the detail which the importance of the subject deserves.

The Lyell group lies due east from Yosemite Valley, at a distance of about sixteen miles in a straight course. Large tributaries of the Merced, Rush, Tuolumne, and San Joaquin rivers take their rise amid its ice and snow. Its geographical importance is further augmented by its having been a centre of dispersal for some of the largest and most influential of the ancient glaciers. The traveler who undertakes the ascent of Mount Lyell, the dominating mountain of the group, will readily perceive that although its summit is 13,200 feet above the level of the sea, all that individually pertains to it is a small residual fragment less than a thousand feet high, whose existence is owing to slight advantages of physical structure and position with reference to the heads of ancient glaciers, which prevented its being eroded and carried away as rapidly as the common mountain mass circumjacent to it.

Glacier wombs are rounded in a horizontal direction at the head, for the same reason that they are at the bottom; this being the form that offers greatest resistance to glacial erosion. The semi-circular outline thus determined is maintained by the glaciers in eroding their way backward into the mountain masses against which they head; and where these curved basins have been continued quite through the axis of the chain or spur, separate mountains have been produced, the degree of whose individuality depends upon the extent and variation of this erosion. Thus, let A B



FIG. 4.

(Fig. 4), represent a section of a portion of the summit of a mountain chain, and C D E F G H, etc., the wombs of glaciers dead or active, then the residual masses 1 2 3 will be the so-called mountains.

It may well excite surprise that snow collected in these fountain wombs should pass so rapidly through the *névé* condition, and begin to erode at the very head; that this, however, was the case is shown by unmistakable traces of that erosion upon the sides and heads as well as bottoms of wombs now empty. The change of climate which broke up the glacial winter would obviously favor the earlier transformation of snow into eroding ice, and thus produce the present conditions as necessary consequences.

The geological effects of shadows in prolonging the existence and in guiding and intensifying the action of portions of glaciers, are manifested in moraines, lake-basins, and the difference in form

and sculpture between the north and south sides of mountains and valleys. Thus, the attentive observer will perceive that the architecture of deep valleys trending in a northerly and southerly direction, as Yosemite, abounds in small towers, crests, and shallow flutings on the shadowy south side, while the sun-beaten portions of the north walls are comparatively plain. The finer sculpture of the south walls is directly owing to the action of *small shadow-glacierets*—which lingered long after the disappearance of the main glaciers that filled the valleys from wall to wall.

Every mountaineer and Indian knows that high mountains are more easily ascended on the south than on the north side. Thus, the Hoffmann spur may be ascended almost anywhere from the south on horseback, while it breaks off in sheer precipices on the north. There is not a mountain peak in the range which does not bear witness in sculpture and general form to this glacial-shadow action, which in many portions of the summit may still be observed in operation. But it is only to the effects of shadows in the segregation of mountain masses that I would now direct special attention. Fig. 5 is a map of the Merced range adjacent to Yosemite Valley, with a portion of the ridge which unites it to the main axis. The arrows indicate the direction of extension of the deep glacial amphitheatres, and it will be at once seen that they all point in a southerly direction beneath the protection of shadows cast by the peaks and ridges. Again, it will be seen that because the Merced spur (S P) trends in a northerly direction, its western slopes are in shadow in the forenoon, its eastern in the afternoon, consequently it has a series of glacial wombs on *both* sides; but because the ridge (P G) trends in an easterly direction, its southern slopes are scarcely at all in shadow, consequently deep glacial wombs occur *only* upon the *northerly*

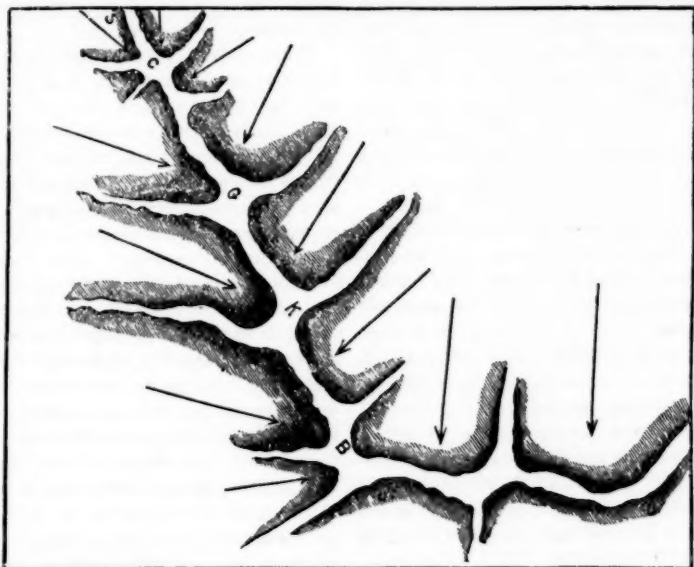


FIG. 5.

slopes. Still further, because the Merced spur (S P) trends several degrees west of north, its eastern slopes are longer in shadow than the western, consequently the ice-wombs of the former are deeper and their head-walls are sheerer; and in general, because the main axis of the Sierra has a north-westerly direction, the summit peaks are more precipitous on the eastern than on the western sides.

In the case of ice-wombs on the north side of a mountain equally shadowed on the east and west, it will be found that such wombs, other conditions being equal, curve back in a direction a little to the west of south, because forenoon sunshine is not so strong as afternoon sunshine. The same admirable obedience to shadows* is conspicuous in all

parts of the summits of the range. Now, *glaciers are the only eroders that are thus governed by shadows.*

Fig. 6 is a section illustrating the mode in which the heads (H H) of tributaries of the Tuolumne and Merced glaciers have eroded and segregated the

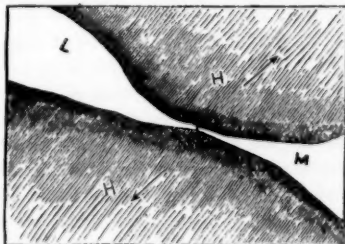


FIG. 6.

mountain mass (L M) into two mountains—namely, Lyell and McClure—by moving backward until they met at C, leaving only the thin crest as it now exists.

Mount Ritter lies a few miles to the south of Lyell, and is readily accessible to good mountaineers by way of the

*For further illustrations of the above observations on shadows, I would refer the reader to Gardener and Hoffmann's map of the Sierra adjacent to Yosemite Valley, or, still better, to the mountains themselves.

Mono plains. The student of mountain building will find it a kind of textbook, abounding in wonderfully clear and beautiful illustrations of the principles of Sierra architecture we have been studying. Upon the north flank a small active glacier may still be seen at work blocking out and separating a peak from the main mass, and its whole surface is covered with clearly cut inscriptions of the frost, the storm-wind, and the avalanche. Though not the very loftiest, Ritter is to me far the noblest mountain of the chain. All its neighbors stand well back, enabling it to give full expression to its commanding individuality; while living glaciers, rushing torrents, bright-eyed lakes, gentian meadows, flecks of lily and anemone, shaggy thickets and groves, and pollen zones of sun-filled *composita*, combine to irradiate its massive features, and make it as beautiful as noble.

The Merced spur (see Fig. 5), lying about ten miles to the south-east of Yosemite Valley and about the same distance from the main axis, presents a finely individualized range of peaks, 11,500 to 12,000 feet high, hewn from the solid. The authors of this beautiful piece of sculpture were two series of tributaries belonging to the glaciers of the Nevada and Illilouette.

The truly magnificent group of nameless granite mountains stretching in a broad swath from the base of Mount Humphreys forty miles southward, is far the largest and loftiest of the range. But when we leisurely penetrate its wild recesses, we speedily perceive that, although abounding in peaks 14,000 feet high, these, individually considered, are mere pyramids, 1,000 or 2,000 feet in height, crowded together upon a common base, and united by jagged columns that swoop in irregular curves from shoulder to shoulder. That all this imposing multitude of mountains was chiseled from one grand pre-glacial mass is

everywhere proclaimed in terms understandable by mere children.

Mount Whitney lies a few miles to the south of this group, and is undoubtedly the highest peak of the chain, but, geologically or even scenically considered, it possesses no special importance. When beheld either from the north or south, it presents the form of a helmet, or, more exactly, that of the Scotch cap called the "Glengarry." The flattish summit curves gently toward the valley of the Kern on the west, but falls abruptly toward Owen's River Valley on the east, in a sheer precipice near 2,000 feet deep. Its north and south-east sides are scarcely less precipitous, but these gradually yield to accessible slopes, round from south-west to north-west. Although highest of all the peaks, Mount Whitney is far surpassed in colossal grandeur and general impressiveness of physiognomy, not only by Mount Ritter, but by mounts Dana, Humphreys, Emerson, and many others that are nameless. A few meadowless lakes shine around its base, but it possesses no glaciers, and, toward the end of summer, very little snow on its north side, and none at all on the south. Viewed from Owen's Valley, in the vicinity of Lone Pine, it appears as one of many minute peaklets that adorn the massive uplift of the range like a cornice. Toward the close of the glacial epoch, the gray porphyritic summit of what is now Mount Whitney peered a few feet above a zone of *névé* that fed glaciers which descended into the valleys of the Owen's and Kern rivers. These, eroding gradually deeper, brought all that specially belongs to Mount Whitney into relief. Instead of a vast upheaval, it is merely a remnant of the common mass of the range, which, from relative conditions of structure and position, has suffered a little less degradation than the portions circumjacent to it.

Regarded as measures of mountain-

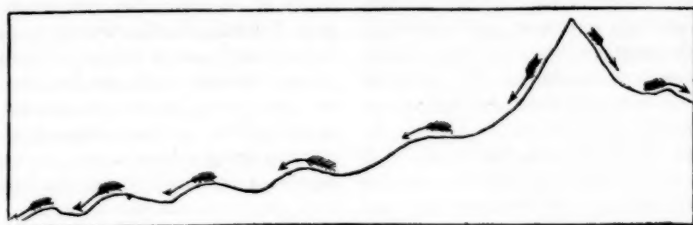


FIG. 7.

building forces, the results of erosion are negative rather than positive, expressing more directly what has *not* been done than what *has* been done. The difference between the peaks and the passes is not that the former are elevations, the latter depressions; both are depressions, differing only in degree. The abasement of the peaks having been effected at a slower rate, they were, of course, left behind as elevations.

The transition from the spiky, angular summit mountains to those of the flanks with their smoothly undulated outlines is exceedingly well marked; weak towers, pinnacles, and crumbling, jagged crests at once disappear,* leaving only hard, knotty domes and ridges as geological illustrations, on the grandest scale, of the survival of the strongest.

Fig. 7 illustrates, by a section, the general cause of the angularity of summit mountains, and curvedness of those of the flanks; the former having been *down*-flowed, the latter *over*-flowed. As we descend from the alpine summits on the smooth pathways of the ancient ice-currents, noting where they have successively denuded the various rocks—first the slates, then the slaty structured granites, then the curved granites,—we detect a constant growth of specialization and ascent into higher forms. Angular masses cut by cleavage planes begin to be comprehended in flowing curves. These masses, in turn, become

*For exceptions to this general law, real or apparent, see Study No. I.

more highly organized, giving rise by the most gradual approaches to that magnificent dome scenery for which the Sierra is unrivaled. In the more strongly specialized granite regions, the features, and, indeed, the very existence of overflowed mountains, are in great part due neither to ice, water, nor any eroding agent whatsoever, but to building forces—crystalline, perhaps—which put them together and bestowed all that is more special in their architectural physiognomy, while they yet lay buried in the common fountain mass of the range.

The same silent and invisible mountain builders performed a considerable amount of work upon the down-flowed mountains of the summit, but these were so weakly put together that the heavy hand of the glacier shaped and molded, without yielding much compliance to their undeveloped forms. Had the unsculptured mass of the range been everywhere homogeneous, glacial denudation would still have produced summit mountains, differing not essentially from those we now find, but the rich profusion of flank mountains and mountainets, so marvelously individualized, would have had no existence, as the whole surface would evidently have been planed down into barren uniformity.

Thus the want of individuality which we have been observing among the summit mountains is obviously due to the comparatively uniform structure and erodibility of the rocks out of which they have been developed; their forms in consequence being greatly dependent

upon the developing glaciers; whereas the strongly structured and specialized flank mountains, while accepting the ice-currents as developers, still defended themselves from their destructive and form-bestowing effects.

The wonderful adaptability of ice to the development of buried mountains possessing so wide a range of form and magnitude, seems as perfect as if the result of direct plan and forethought. Granite crystallizes into landscapes; snow crystallizes above them to bring their beauty to the light. The grain of no mountain oak is more gnarled and interfolded than that of Sierra granite, and the ice-sheet of the glacial period is the only universal mountain eroder that works with reference to the grain. Here it smooths a pavement by slipping flatly over it, removing inequalities like a carpenter's plane; again it *makes* inequalities, gliding moldingly over and around knotty dome-clusters, groping out every weak spot, sparing the strong, crushing the feeble, and following lines of predestined beauty obediently as the wind.

Rocks are brought into horizontal relief on the sides of valleys wherever superior strength of structure or advantageousness of position admits of such development, just as they are elsewhere in a vertical direction. Some of these projections are of a magnitude that well deserves the name of *horizontal mountain*. That the variability of resistance of the rocks themselves accounts for the variety of these horizontal features is shown by the prevalence of this law. *Where the uniformity of glacial pressure has not been disturbed by the entrance of tributaries, we find that where valleys are narrowest their walls are strongest; where widest, weakest.*

In the case of valleys with sloping walls, their salient features will be mostly developed in an oblique direction; but neither horizontal nor oblique mount-

ains or mountains can ever reach as great dimensions as the vertical, because the retreating curves formed in weaker portions of valley walls are less eroded the deeper they become, on account of receiving less and less pressure, while the alternating salient curves are more heavily pressed and eroded the farther they project into the past-squeezing glacier; thus tending to check irregularity of surface beyond a certain limit, which limit is measured by the resistance offered by the rocks to the glacial energy brought to bear upon them. So intense is this energy in the case of large steeply inclined glaciers, that many salient bosses are broken off on the lower or down-stream side with a fracture like that produced by blasting. These fractures occur in all deep Yosemite cañons, forming the highest expressions of the intensity of glacial force I have observed.

The same tendency toward maintaining evenness of surface obtains to some extent in vertical erosion also; as when hard masses rise abruptly from a comparatively level area exposed to the full sweep of the overpassing current. If vertical cleavage be developed in such rocks, *moutoned* forms will be produced with a split face turned away from the direction of the flow, as shown in Fig. 8, Study No. I. These forms, measuring from a few inches to a thousand feet or more in height, abound in hard granitic regions. If no cleavage be developed, then long ovals will be formed, with their greater diameters extended in the direction of the current. The general tendency, however, in vertical erosion is to make the valleys deeper and ridges relatively higher, the ice-currents being constantly attracted to the valleys, causing erosion to go on at an accelerated rate, and drawn away from the resisting ridges until they emerge from the ice-sheet and cease to be eroded; the law here applicable being, "to him that hath shall be given."

Thus it appears that, no matter how projecting from the sides of valleys—all owe the pre-glacial mass of the range came their development to the ice-sheet of into existence, all the separate mount- the great winter and the separate gla- ains distributed over its surface between ciers into which it afterward separated. latitudé 36° 30' and 39°, whether the In all this sublime fulfillment there was lofty alps of the summit, or richly sculpt- no upbuilding, but a universal razing and ured dome-clusters of the flank, or the dismantling, and of this every mountain burnished bosses and mountainets pro- and valley is the record and monument.

 WHENCE?

In the dream, in the vision immortal,
 In the will of the Infinite bound,
 The old centuries silent, but deathless,
 Stand waiting their turn to be crowned.

From the gray immemorial ages,
 While our essence ran riotous free,
 Flapping high in the banners of cloud-land,
 Or swelling in veins of the sea—

Beat in tides an untamable measure,
 Lashed by forms of a Saurian shore,
 Shapeless bulks of an early existence,
 That rise on the vision no more.

In the under-world, hidden beneath us,
 In the darkness and silence of stone,
 We stare at their shadowy outlines,
 These types that preceded our own.

We grope in the crypts of the ages,
 Far back of the records of men,
 For the forms of a life that has vanished,
 Recalling its semblance again.

Not dreaming our bones hold the mammoth,
 That our wills have his measureless span,
 That nature, in struggling toward centres,
 Is subliming her forces in man.

And we, who are made up of all things,
 The cycles that stretch to the end
 Shall reveal us, but midway in progress,
 Hints of whither the labyrinths trend—

Tardy hints, of a thousand clear meanings,
 Set remote in the future and past,

Struggling outward and back to the essence
Which held and shall hold us at last.

In the dream, in the vision more joyful,
In the will of the Infinite bound,
While the centuries, silent but deathless,
Stand waiting their turn to be crowned.

PHŒBE, OF SANDY GULCH.

THEY called the place Sandy Gulch; it was hard to understand why, for it was full of rocks, apparently. There was not sand enough visible to scour a pan—but then, pans in Sandy Gulch were not scoured. There was a deeply bronzed and heavily bearded set of men, heavy drinkers, all; and there were no women, at least until Phœbe arrived. Slim Jim was the autocrat of the place; he kept the New Orleans Saloon. Liquors were dispensed in the front room, and fano in the rear.

Phœbe lived "a smart piece" above it, in a rough place, half canvas and half logs. What old Langsdale had brought her there for, no one could imagine; she had been the only woman on the ship when they made their weary six-months' voyage from New York, and now she was the only woman in Sandy Gulch. The miners took off their hats when they passed old Langsdale's cabin.

Phœbe was twenty—most girls are pretty at twenty, if they are ever going to be pretty; Phœbe had hazel eyes, and rounded, rose-pink cheeks, and the prettiest pouting mouth in the world. The Sandy Gulchers thought her a goddess, and adored her accordingly.

Old Langsdale took the best of care of his daughter. When he moved his claim, he moved his cabin, too; and always kept near enough for Phœbe to hear the sound of his pick. When the diggings gave out in one place, the cabin

was "toted" to where they had not given out. He never lacked help in moving his cabin—there were always plenty of Sandy Gulchers anxious to lend a hand; they even quarreled about it, and Langsdale obliged them to take turns. You see, they called it "helping Phœbe."

There were not many loafers in camp; the people had come there to make a fortune, and could not afford to loaf; but there were a few, a couple of Mexicans—"Greasers," the miners called them—and two or three of the stamp of Slim Jim.

They were always busy enough at night; in the day-time they hung round the New Orleans Saloon, and they would have liked to have visited Phœbe, but old Langsdale would not have it. He borrowed a pot of black paint and a brush, and painted over his door,

"NOTICE! NO LOAFERS WANTED."

He thought that this would do, but one day he came home, and found Apodoca there. Phœbe was sitting on an empty butter-keg, the rose-pink in her round cheeks deepened a little, and the pouting mouth was as smiling as you please.

Old Langsdale was mad; he called Apodoca out, and pointed to the notice on the door. Apodoca planted his feet firmly on the ground, placed his arms akimbo, and gazed intently at the lettering for some time; then, turning to

Langsdale, he said, in his politest accents:

"No sabbee."

"You no read?" interrogated Langsdale.

"Me no sabbee read Inglis," replied Apodoca, taking his *sombrero* from the bush by the door which caught the hats of most of Phœbe's visitors; once in a while a hat was taken inside, if it chanced to be new, and kicked under the table for safe-keeping. Apodoca raised his *sombrero* as if to put it on, but just then he caught sight of Phœbe standing in the door-way, with her cheeks pinker than ever, and an extremely amused look in her hazel eyes; so he held the hat behind him, and stood bareheaded.

"Well," said Langsdale, "I'll read it for yer: 'Notice!'"—he said this in thundering tones, which increased in volume as he went on—"No loafers wanted.' That means, GIT! You sabbee that?"

"*Si, Señor,*" replied Apodoca, with a sardonic smile, as, after a most profound bow to Phœbe, he placed his *sombrero* on his head, and walked serenely away.

"I'll horsewhip that fool, ef I ketch him yere agin," said Langsdale, frowning at Phœbe.

"Why, papa, don't blame *me*," said she, tossing her head; "*I* couldn't tell him to clear out."

"You needn't have been so dreadful sweet and smiling, though!" he replied.

"I just gave him a pleasant word," pouted Phœbe; "I can't be cross to people, and José was very polite, I'm sure."

Langsdale muttered something about "breaking his head," and went into the cabin for his dinner. Phœbe went in after him. When he had gone into the rear room, which was his room, *par excellence*, she softly closed the door behind him. The front room was her own; it contained her bed, her wardrobe, and her trinkets; the latter were all presents,

and all of one sort. They stood in a row on a rough board shelf—"specimens," which would have made Eastern ladies' eyes shine.

When a Sandy Gulcher found a nugget which was remarkable for purity or beauty, he set it aside for the "Posy"—they all liked to call the blooming maid their "Posy." The consequence was that Miss Phœbe had several thousand dollars on her rough shelf, and went barefooted and bareheaded, and wore a calico gown. She had no fear of anyone robbing her, though there were scamps in the camp who would have cut a man's throat for a tenth of the wealth which Phœbe's nuggets represented; but woe unto the man in Sandy Gulch who would have robbed the Posy!

When she went to attend the grand ball at Bootjack Bar, although she was absent three days, she left her trinkets undisturbed on the shelf, and found them there undisturbed on her return.

On the day of her departure, Mr. Sing Wee, who kept a laundry establishment down below the saloon on the creek, was interviewed by four brown and bearded miners, self-constituted guardians of the Posy and her property, and admonished to keep away from old Langsdale's cabin, as they intended to watch the cabin and himself—Mr. Wee—and also to *shoot* on small provocation. Sing Wee was an intelligent heathen, and responded, "Me sabbee welly good."

When she had shut the door after her father, Phœbe took from her pocket a new specimen—a particularly fine one, and very valuable; it was a present just received from José Apodoca. It had probably been won in the rear room at Slim Jim's, but that did not trouble Phœbe. When she first came to California, she had been shocked at a hundred things which she now looked upon with indifference; *faro*, with its kindred

games, was one; getting uproariously drunk was another; shooting affrays, unless they ended fatally for some of her friends, another. She admired her nugget, not for its value, but because it was pretty; perhaps because in her heart there was a soft place for the handsome Mexican. She despised him for his laziness, and yet—she put it on the shelf with a sigh. "I'll tell papa," she thought to herself, "when he feels kinder toward José. He might have known he had no business to come up in the day-time."

Yet, in spite of old Langsdale's emphatic translation of the "Inglis" over his door, Apodoca came again, and in the day-time, too.

Phœbe "couldn't be cross to people," and smiled and chatted, rose-pink deepened in her cheeks, light brightened in her eyes, until José was more enthralled and bewildered than ever. But, for all her pleasantness, Phœbe was a dutiful daughter, and not only impressed her adorer with the necessity of departing before her father came home for his dinner, but likewise besought him not to come again, unless to her evening reception. The Posy and her father seldom entertained less than twenty in an evening. Everyone in the camp would have been there if the cabin had been bigger; as it was, half the callers had to content themselves with standing outside, and catching now and then a word or a smile from the goddess, through the door-way. The New Orleans Saloon did not begin to have such attractions for them; and the evening before the Posy went to Boot-jack Bar, and held a grand farewell reception, in her ball-dress, with shoes and stockings on, the saloon was wholly deserted, and Slim Jim himself closed up, and went with the crowd over to old Langsdale's cabin.

But José intimated, in mellifluous if adulterated Spanish—Spanish flowed like oil from the Posy's ready tongue—that he could not speak more than two

words to her in the evening, and besides (with a smile and a jerk of his thumb toward Slim Jim's), his business engagements prevented his coming in the evening; and, still besides that, he must there meet a certain hated John, who was supposed to be the choice of her heart, as he certainly was of her father's.

Phœbe pouted and made a face at the mention of John; he would have been a grand catch for pretty Phœbe Langsdale in the little down-east town where she had been brought up—but the goddess of Sandy Gulch could afford to be scornful.

José, however, was inclined to question the sincerity of her scorn; she, in turn, protested vigorously, and, in the midst of the discussion, old Langsdale walked in unsuspectingly. Casting one look full of anger and disgust at his daughter, the old man, who had the strength of a giant, seized Apodoca by the shoulders, and half lifted, half kicked him out, yelling, "Git! git!" at the top of his voice.

The Mexican, however, was not to be kicked out of anywhere by anybody with impunity, and, drawing the short, sharp knife, without which a Sandy Gulcher would have been unrecognizable, he made a furious bound toward the old man, with his knife up-raised, and a murderous rage distorting his handsome face. But Phœbe was there before him; seizing his arm with her little brown hand, the rose-pink all faded out of her cheeks, and her eyes wide open with terror, she cried, "Don't strike—don't strike!" catching her breath in a terrified sob, which drove the devil from Apodoca's heart at once. Flinging his knife into the *chaparral*, he caught the terrified goddess in his arms, pressed a burning kiss—his first and last—on the round, warm cheek, and fled, and Sandy Gulch knew him no more. He knew that Phœbe and her guardians would never forgive his drawing a knife on old Langs-

dale, and he unarmed! A man who would resent anything from the Posy's father was not to be tolerated in Sandy Gulch.

Time went by, and the goddess still reigned without a rival in her kingdom; and poor John still sued at her feet, though getting hopeless. His university education, his talents, his proud family, his manly beauty, all availed him nothing in his desire to gather to himself the blooming Posy; and then, he did have wretched bad luck. He often said, with a gloomy smile, that when his pick went in, gold went out at the other end; a remark which Slim Jim repeated, with comments, in relation to his luck at faro; and John received some friendly advice from that worthy, to let cards alone.

One night, John sat in the rear room, tipped back in his chair with his heels on the window-sill, watching a game in progress between Slippery Jack and a man known as "The Doctor." The Posy held no reception that evening; she had started at day-break, accompanied by her father, for a visit over to Van Duzen's. Van Duzen was a portly Dutchman, with four portly Dutch daughters: they and Phœbe hardly understood each other, but the goddess felt very lonely in her kingdom, sometimes, and longed for female society, and the four Dutch girls were the only women between Sandy Gulch and Bootjack Bar, a distance of forty-odd miles; so, once in awhile, she felt compelled to mount her little steed, Robin, and pay a visit to the Dutch ladies. Aside from the unwonted absence of the Posy, John felt melancholy; he was dead-broke, and had come to the conclusion that his claim was not worth as much as his pick; and then, although old Langsdale had invited him to ride over to Van Duzen's and help escort the Posy home that night, yet he could not but let the remembrance of Phœbe's cool manner rankle in his

mind, more than the prospect of his felicity soothed it.

"*Buenas noches*, Señor John," said a musical voice.

John looked up, a trifle surprised. "Hullo, Apodoca, that you?"

Apodoca responded that it was undoubtedly himself, and invited John to a game of cards. John looked at his watch; in ten or fifteen minutes he must be starting for Van Duzen's. It had been the Posy's sovereign desire to leave there about ten o'clock, and come home by moonlight; moreover, he knew that the Mexican hated him, and that his reputation as an honest man had not been improved since he left Sandy Gulch. It was rumored that he was wanted in San Simeon and Los Angeles for a little horse-stealing, or worse. So John tipped back a little more in his chair, and said he couldn't; had promised Langsdale and the Posy to ride home with them from Van Duzen's that night.

Apodoca smiled serenely, and said: "One little game; it takes but few minutes."

"Come, John," said the Doctor, "I'm in good luck to-night; you and I against Slippery Jack and José."

"I'm dead-broke," said John.

"I lend; I have plenty gold-dust. See!" and José drew out a bag, which looked comfortably plump. He insisted on lending John an ounce, and the game began. On the first deal Apodoca and Jack were winners, and the former volunteered to treat. John began to get interested in the game, then excited, then absorbed. He called for more drinks, he borrowed more gold-dust, he forgot the Posy and her moonlight ride. His brain seemed to be on fire; now he won, now he lost. His losings were the greater, for he must always borrow more dust from the "Greaser's" bag, so comfortably full. Slippery Jack and the Doctor slipped out of the game, somehow, and he and Apodoca

played alone. Slim Jim looked on contemptuously, commiseratingly. "Con-founded fool!" he said to Bald Pete—John's former partner—"he never had no luck; oughter know it."

Meanwhile, the Posy rode home over the mountain trail, in the silver moonlight, under the swaying pines with their mysterious whispers, in a very bad temper. Her father rode before her; where was "that John," who ought to have been only too happy to have the honor of riding behind her? She had intended to be so pleasant to him, too! When they passed the New Orleans Saloon, it was brilliantly lighted; it was always brilliantly lighted, all night.

"Ask what time it is, papa," said Phœbe.

Langsdale asked Bald Pete, who stood by the door.

"Two o'clock," he answered.

"What are they so still in there for?" asked Phœbe, accustomed to hear the most uproarious noises in the saloon.

"Apodoca and John are playing," replied Bald Pete.

"Come here!" said the Posy, imperiously. Bald Pete came, obediently, as became a faithful subject. "What are the stakes? John's got nothing to play with. When did José get back? Who is winning?"

Bald Pete answered all the questions, but the one about the stakes he evaded. But she made him tell how John had borrowed gold-dust until José would lend no more; that he had risked his claim and lost it; his watch, his pick, the very clothes upon his back. "He's clean gone crazy," said Bald Pete—"clean outern his wits."

"What's he playing for now?" said the Posy.

Bald Pete hesitated, and tried again to evade the question, in vain.

"If you don't *tell* me," said she, "I'll go right in and ask 'em."

"Wall," said Pete, peering up in the

darkness to get a look at the Posy's round, pretty face, "he's staked his chances ter git *you* agin the dust he's borrowed of José."

"And who's winning?"

"I'm bound to say as José's winnin'," said Pete, sorrowfully. "John never had no luck at keards."

Phœbe whipped up Robin a little, and followed her father up to the cabin in silence. Once inside her room, she took from the shelf the nugget which had been a present from José, and, stepping outside the door, she threw it with all her strength into the thick underbrush, whispering, "There, blood-thirsty villain!" Then she went back, took the rest of her nuggets—gathering up the corners of her apron, that none might roll out—slipped out of the door, and ran at full speed down to the saloon, the silver moonlight shining upon her as she went. Bald Pete stood at the door.

"My eye!" he cried, when he saw the Posy.

"Are they playing yet?" she whispered.

He nodded assent. She took his hand and clung to it like a child, drawing him into the room after her. José looked up when she came in, and started; John saw her, too, and let the cards drop from his hand. "Never mind 'em, John," she said, in so low a voice that he hardly heard her, "*I'm* going to pay José for your debt;" and she emptied the nuggets upon the table, between the two pistols which lay there, one upon each side, ready to the hand of each player. She put her arms around John's arm, clinging to it, as if she loved it, and tried to lead him away.

Apodoca flung his cards upon the floor, and, quick as a flash, Phœbe heard the crack of his pistol—once, twice! John fell back against the wall with a groan, the room was full of smoke and the smell of burnt powder; then there was a heavy thud, and Apodoca fell, between the wall

and the table, dead, without a groan or a word; the pistol, clenched fast in his stiffened hand, went into the grave with him. And two days after, with all the inconsistency of a woman, the Posy searched the *chaparral*, far and near, to find the nugget which she had scornfully thrown away, and which, for all her searching, she never found.

John was all very well—she *did* love him, and *would* marry him, but *his* wound had been nothing; Apodoca's aim, so fatally sure the second, had missed the first time, and John had escaped with a mere flesh-wound. But José—"poor fellow!"—his love had cost him his life, and even spoiled goddesses have tender women's hearts!

SALMON-HATCHING ON McCLOUD RIVER.

AMONG the pleasant evidences of human progress are the numerous efforts, public and private, to economize the resources of nature and increase the food-supply of mankind. Our Government, probably recognizing the proverb that "a well-fed people is a happy people," is not only taking the lead in teaching and encouraging agricultural reform, but is actually engaged in producing food for the people on a liberal and magnificent scale. The waste and destruction of the food-fishes of our large rivers, over which the Government exercises domain, incident to the rapid increase of population, has been a source of alarm; but, happily, experience has proved, not only that our streams may be restocked with their finny inhabitants, but that the acclimation of the most valuable fishes in strange waters is an established and gratifying fact.

Encouraged by the splendid success of the shad-hatching establishments on the Connecticut, the United States Fish Commission determined to restock the eastern and northern rivers with their native salmon, which, owing to the rapacity of fishermen and other reckless destruction during the spawning season, have of late years only reached the tables of the wealthy, rather as an expensive luxury than an article of daily food. Under the direction of the Hon. Spencer F.

Baird, two large salmon-nurseries have been put into operation—one on the Penobscot in Maine, the other on the McCloud in California. The former is intended for the propagation of salmon for the cold northern rivers, the latter to supply the warmer streams of the Middle and Southern States. The nursery on the McCloud has been in operation for two seasons, but it was not until the summer of 1874, when it was placed in charge of Deputy Fish Commissioner Livingston Stone, that it assumed an appearance of permanency. This stream has been selected with good judgment. Fed by the eternal snows of Shasta, some seventy miles from its mouth its waters are icy cold, and—as yet undisturbed by the miner's pick—as clear as the sunlight that pierces its azure pools and whirling eddies. No dams or other artificial obstacles impede its course, and it is now the most prolific and the favorite spawning-ground of the Pacific.

A point on the river about twenty miles from Reading, the present terminus of the Oregon and California Railroad, and about three miles from its junction with Pit River, one of the largest tributaries of the Sacramento, has been selected for the hatching-works, and among all the beautiful spots in California none more lovely or more grandly picturesque than this could have been

chosen. The grade of the California and Oregon stage-road curves over the hill a few hundred feet above the fishery, and from this point the view is magnificent. Eastward, "Big Mountain," an immense wall of granite, shoots up athwart the sky, rising abruptly over 2,000 feet from the water's edge, seamed and scarred by the by-gone ages, and frowning down sullenly as if jealous of the innovation below. Round the base of "Big Mountain," the beautiful river sweeps like a blue ribbon, flecked and sparkling here and there with bits of silver spray that bubble up from its ever-changing restless current. Willows and water-plants fringe the banks with their graceful drapery, wild flowers of brilliant hue light up the rugged hillsides, the bright airy green of the manzanita shimmers on ridge and mountain-crest, and the great moss-covered oaks swinging their gnarled branches amid the music of the waters lend a charm to a scene of rare and peaceful beauty.

Almost overhanging the bank of the river, a plain substantial building about fifty feet in length has been erected, and divided into kitchen, dining-room, and sleeping apartments for the accommodation of the large force employed during the hatching season. Immediately below this building, a canvas tent 100 feet in length and thirty feet wide is stretched, covering the hatching-troughs and supply reservoir. Here the river, about 200 feet wide, sweeps over a natural bar, with a strong heavy current, falling into a large deep pool below, where most of the salmon are taken. Both the bar and the current have been utilized. Across the former, Mr. Stone and his men have with great labor stretched a fence of willow poles, reaching from bank to bank, safely anchored among the heavy boulders of the riffle, and presenting an almost impassable barrier to the salmon on their way to the spawning-grounds of the upper stream. At the foot of the

riffle, an undershot wheel twelve feet in diameter, furnished with long buckets on its inner periphery and capable of lifting 12,000 gallons per hour, is set deeply and securely in the swift current. Well that it is, for an accident to it or its stopping a few hours would destroy or at least seriously endanger the results of a season's labor. At the lower end of the tent are two large receiving-tanks or reservoirs, into which the water is led from the wheel by a flume, and at this point in the curious and interesting process we perceive the first triumph of art over nature. Experience has demonstrated that no matter how pure the water of the river may seem, it is not sufficiently so to insure complete success in salmon-hatching. Accordingly, three flannel screens are placed in each of the tanks to prevent the passage of fungus, which gathers on the egg and prevents the egress of the young salmon; and every drop of water passing over the hatching-troughs is filtered through them. From the tanks are led the hatching-troughs, in eight strings of five each, making forty in all. They are constructed of sugar-pine lumber brought from the base of Mount Shasta, sixteen feet in length, one foot wide, and seven inches in depth. An incline of one inch to each trough gives free circulation to the water, and a drop of three inches at the lower end serves to aerate it before passing through the next. Every one of these troughs is not only smoothly planed on the inside, but varnished with a preparation of asphaltum and coal-tar, the invention of Mr. J. G. Woodbury, which effectually prevents the accumulation of fungus or any impurities that may have accidentally passed the filters. Suspended in every trough are seven trays, eleven inches wide, two feet long, and six inches deep, constructed of No. 5 wire-cloth, and each capable of containing 30,000 eggs; thus placing the hatching capacity of the establishment

at over 8,000,000 of young salmon in a season. A liberal Congressional appropriation has enabled Mr. Stone to employ a force of ten White men, including Mr. J. G. Woodbury, his foreman, with nearly as many Indians; and about the middle of August, everything being in readiness, active operations begin.

The salmon have been pushing for the spawning-grounds by thousands. Many have been purposely permitted to pass to the upper waters, but now the barrier is closed, and it is painful to stand watching the almost fruitless efforts of the poor fish as they strike madly against it. Now you see a great splendid salmon attempt to clear it—a silver flash, a wild leap, and it falls back struggling and frightened by its failure. One, perhaps, may possibly clear the fence, while fifty, failing, make their way back, baffled and bewildered, to the still waters below, where they are easily taken. The catch is usually made by night, there being so much necessary work that can only be performed by daylight; and it is a glorious sight. The deep pool has excellent bottom, and an acre or so of smooth gravelly beach on the opposite side of the river affords a splendid landing-place. Everything is ready. The seine, 150 feet in length, is folded into the boat, the dusky Indian helpers flit stealthily here and there, or sit crouched along the beach in anxious expectancy. Now the moon steals over the crest of the great granite wall to the eastward, lighting up its serrated edges and throwing strange fantastic shadows across its time-worn face. Slowly creeping down the opposite hills, the moonlight strikes the riffle, the workers spring to their places, and the boat shoots out from the shore so quietly that you scarcely hear the splash of the oars or the dipping of the lead-line into the water. Encircling the outer edge of the pool, a few strong strokes land the end of the seine, and now is the moment of interest. The

lead-line is drawn closely to the bottom, and the bronze muscles of the helpers quiver with excitement; a frightened salmon strikes the net—another, and another—until, dashing madly through the water in their efforts to escape, it becomes a plunging, leaping mass of life. There is no escape, however, for the ends of the seine are in strong eager hands, and in a few minutes a solid ton, perhaps, of salmon is safely landed on the pebbly beach, amid the irrepressible shouts of the Indians, and immediately transferred to large willow crates anchored in the still water above the riffle. It is a wild, exciting scene, and, when we remember that it is only a short time since a White man dared to fish in these waters, not without its moral.

The day's work is over, and the fishers retire—the Whites to rest, the Indians to laugh and chatter like happy children round the camp-fires burning on either bank, for the whole catch will be theirs as soon as the Whites have done with the captured fish.

But anyone in any age might take fish; it is reserved for the prying eyes of the nineteenth century to discover the secret of their propagation, and show that art can outdo nature a thousand fold in their reproduction.

On the morrow the salmon are brought over from the crates or corrals to the hatching-house, and the ease with which they are handled is astonishing. One would naturally think that they must be difficult to manage; but taken by the tail in one hand, with the cheek resting in the palm of the other, a twenty-pound salmon, vigorous and full of life, that would shoot a rapid like an arrow from an Indian bow, lies as helpless as a minnow in the hands of its captor. The females, easily distinguished by the slim graceful shape of their heads and their broad and pregnant appearance, are taken between the knees of the operator, and the spawn ejected into a dry pan by

a firm steady pressure of the hands, each female yielding about 3,000 eggs. A male fish, known by its crooked jaws and slim body, is then taken, and the milt, a thin milky fluid, stripped from it into the pan, and carefully stirred among the beautiful amber-colored spawn-globules for about a minute. This spawn is then placed in a vessel of water and allowed to stand for forty-five minutes; after which, when carefully rinsed from the milt, the work of impregnation is complete, and the eggs are placed in the hatching-trays. We have now a triumph of nature, for without the fecundating power of the milt, all human skill would fail to bring a single egg to life; but at this stage of the process we have a striking illustration of the valuable assistance rendered by science. In the natural performance of its maternal duty, the female burrows in the sand of the river-shallows, deposits her eggs, and they are then, under the water, of course, impregnated by the male salmon that has accompanied her. The operation of nature is so imperfect that only one egg in a thousand, or a yield of probably three to each female salmon, is brought to maturity. Were the artificial impregnation performed in water or even in a wet vessel, the result would be no better; but done as above described, a yield of *nine hundred and fifty* young salmon for every thousand eggs is safely calculated on. We need not wonder at this, for nature is always true to herself, and the apparent failure in reproduction not only prevents the absolute choking of our rivers with live fish, but is a wise provision for the support of the many other forms of animal life in their waters to which nature owes a living. The Indians and their innumerable relations watch all this piscine midwifery with the deepest interest, for the empty salmon are handed over to them to be dried and cured for winter consumption, and this is the real consideration that makes

them submit to the trespass on their favorite fishing-ground.

Henceforth the care of the eggs becomes a work of incessant watchfulness and anxiety. In about three days after its deposit in the hatching-tray, a small opaque spot, the germ of fish life, is observed in the centre of the egg, and the film extends over the yolk. Daily and nightly, every tray and indeed every egg is examined, by lifting the tray and plunging it gently into the current, which displaces and throws all in their turn to the surface. If an egg has turned white, it is dead or dying, and is immediately removed by small forceps; for the presence of a decaying egg insures destruction to all in contact with it. This work requires care and experience, but some of the Indians have become very expert both with eye and hand, and can detect a dying egg in an instant. The examination is necessarily done rapidly, as light is very injurious and carefully excluded from the trays except while passing under examination. In about twenty days two bright black spots appear upon the egg; these are the eyes of the future salmon, and in a few days more life is clearly perceptible. In six or seven weeks from the first immersion of the egg, the young salmon breaks from its prison almost fully developed, with tiny fins and tail; a feeble semi-transparent little fellow, about half an inch long, pushing about through the water seemingly without purpose. The little strangers are almost helpless and incapable of shifting for themselves, but nature like a good mother has fully provided for them. Only the sac of the egg has floated away with the current, the yolk remaining attached to the belly of the young salmon, and furnishing food for it five or six weeks longer. The progressing life of these little things is now an interesting study. At first they are quiet and listless, floating about independently in their little sea, with their

bag of provisions attached. Day by day their motions quicken; they begin to notice the removal of the cover of their tray, and in a very short time show the coming of instinct by crowding frantically into the corners of their box, as if trying to escape from an enemy. When three months have elapsed, the stock of provisions is exhausted, our little friend has grown to be an inch and a half in length, and is ready to drift down to the sea; to run the gauntlet of trout and seal, and sea-lion, and all its multiform enemies, and to return, if fortunate, in three years, fully grown and matured, ready to follow out in its turn the instincts that brought it into being.

In pursuing the details of this simple but curious process, we have passed beyond the legitimate object of the establishment on the McCloud. It is only to prepare the eggs for transportation to other establishments, not to fully develop the fish. At the twenty-day period, when the eyes of the salmonet appear, the eggs are ready, and may be transported for thousands of miles, their further development being retarded while *in transitu*; but their preparation for shipment is a work of much labor and importance. Boxes two feet square and a foot deep are made, a layer of carefully picked water-moss, brought from where the Sacramento springs from Mount Shasta, seventy miles away, is spread on the bottom, then a layer of eggs, and so on, alternately; while a thin partition is placed in the middle of the box to lessen the pressure of the superincumbent mass. Two of these boxes, each containing 75,000 eggs, are placed together in a crate large enough to admit of three inches of hay, which is closely packed round them on every side, to insure a uniform temperature and lessen the shock of sudden jars or rough handling. A rack for ice is fixed upon the top of every crate, and it is accompanied on the journey by a competent

man, whose special duty is to watch and care for it. When the eggs arrive at their destination, they are immediately placed in hatching-troughs, similar to those from which they were taken, and their development completed.

It seems almost incredible that these little delicate globules of film and yolk, in which the germ of life is barely developed, should ever survive the tedious journey over plain and mountain, and quicken into full-fledged existence in strange waters; but, aside from whys and wherefores, we only know that they do. In 1873, only 1,500,000 eggs were shipped from the McCloud Station; but in 1874, 5,100,000 were partially hatched and sent to the following points of destination: Bangor, Me., 100,000; Winchester, Mass., 200,000; Providence, R. I., 100,000; Middletown, Conn., 300,000; Rochester, N. Y., 500,000; Marietta, Pa., 300,000; Bloomsbury, N. J., 225,000; Baltimore, Md., 375,000; Bos-cobel, Wis., 100,000; Niles, Mich., 750,000; Clarkstown, Mich., 150,000; St. Paul, Minn., 150,000; Ammosa, Iowa, 300,000; Salt Lake, Utah, 150,000; New Hope, Pa., 150,000; Newcastle, Can., 25,000; Georgetown, Col., 25,000; Randolph, N. Y., 25,000; Lynchburg, Va., 50,000; Rockford, Ill., 50,000; New Zealand, 25,000. In procuring these eggs, 5,008 salmon were taken, over half of which were males; but the apparent destruction need not be deplored, as, after spawning, the salmon seems to have fulfilled its mission, the scales become absorbed into the body, it turns black, and dies along the shallows and rapids of the stream it has striven so hard to reach—scarcely one in a hundred ever returning to the sea. In 1874, however, the McCloud Station has not only fully repaid all the loss caused, but has performed a splendid work for California. At the request of the California Fish Commissioners, nearly a million of young salmon have been fully hatched and

turned adrift into the McCloud River, at a cost to the State of only \$1,000, or at the rate of \$1 per 1,000 fish. When we consider that only a few years ago our Government was obliged to purchase salmon-eggs from the Canadian Government at a cost of \$40 per 1,000, the value and economy of our hatching-stations will be understood and appreciated. Congress has been somewhat tardy in its encouragement of pisciculture, watching and waiting the result of State and private enterprise; but it has at length awakened to a sense of duty, and last winter placed at the disposal of the Fish Commission an appropriation of \$30,000. It must go further, however, and not only impose heavy penalties upon the wanton destruction of fish, but compel the diversion of the sewage of our cities and the noxious filth of factories, dyeing works, and chemical laboratories, from our large streams. Then, indeed, our splendid salmon may become as common as cod at Martha's Vineyard, and be within the reach of the poorest in the land. The McCloud Station is now abandoned for the season; the fence and wheel are taken out, the troughs, trays, and other various paraphernalia securely housed. The failure of Congress to enable the resumption of operations next year would be a cause of serious regret.

The *personnel* of the force employed at this station is somewhat remarkable. Mr. Stone and his foreman, Mr. J. G. Woodbury, are refined gentlemen, experienced and enthusiastic in their profession, and not only willing to answer the numerous questions asked them daily and hourly, but anxious to impart information, with a courtesy quite rare among the servants of the people. Their co-workers are young men of education and intelligence, and perfect harmony and discipline reign in the camp. There can be no more delightful spot in California to visit than this. The stream abounds

with trout, affording excellent fishing, and its cool waters and rank verdure temper the rays of the summer sun delightfully. There is a kindly welcome and a civil answer for everyone, metropolitan in gorgeous broadcloth or tired and dusty teamster, that savors of true democracy and places the visitor at his ease. No one can visit the station and fail to be delighted with its scenery, charmed with the courteous bearing of those in charge, and deeply interested and instructed by the novel and curious operations carried on.

The Indians employed, mostly belonging to the McCloud River tribe, have proved valuable auxiliaries. They have been the most intractable tribe in California, not even excepting the Modocs, and the last to yield to the dominion of the White man. They have long resisted the settlement of their country, frequently escorting prospecting parties from their stream, with injunctions not to return that were seldom disregarded. At first their hostility to Mr. Stone and his party was quite marked, and when he first drove in his tent-pins at the station, the Indians gathered on the opposite shore, held an excited and angry council, sent a deputation across to inform the intruders that they would not submit to the trespass on their fishing-grounds, and warning them to depart while they might in peace. Things looked forbidding, but a firm conciliatory policy, and a promise, well kept, to give them more salmon than they ever saw in a season, won and subdued them. They are indispensable assistants, docile and faithful, discharging their duties cheerfully and with intelligence. They watch every stage of the proceedings with intense interest, and evidently regard Mr. Stone and his party in the light of a special (Indian) Providence, or at the very least as agents of the "Great Father," sent for their especial benefit and welfare. Their immediate interest

in the establishment is no less than that of its proprietors. They have every interest for its prosperity, and confidence in their honesty is so great that all the property is left virtually in their custody without the least apprehension that a sin-

gle article will be stolen or misplaced. As many as twenty Indians, men and women, have been employed, the women picking moss or doing other light work; and all look anxiously forward to the resumption of operations next year.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PHILOSOPHER.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

MANY papers for publication fall or are given into the hands of an editor of a magazine, concerning which it is difficult for him to arrive at the correct judgment. So many things there are to be considered: the genuineness of the information given, or of the emotion described; its originality and authenticity; its absolute value; and last, though by no means least, its present relative value—that is, its fitness to the immediate wants and tastes of the living reading public—posterity having as yet made no perfectly trustworthy arrangements for the payment of the hire of her laborers. Never were the foregoing difficulties of his position so vividly brought up before the mind of the writer of this introductory note as when, some months since, there called upon him a young man of peculiar general appearance, dress, and manners, bearing in the left-side pocket of his long, old-fashioned pea-green coat, a mass of manuscript, written in green ink of an inferior quality. The term “young man” is here applied to this personage in a wholly hypothetical manner, as an immense pair of green goggles disguised his face almost as completely as a mask could have done, while his voice was of that indistinct fitful sort that bears evidence of born vocal debility, yet is protected by its very weakness and yielding flexibility from the shocks of age. He stood, half-peevishly, half-nervously, brushing the

nap of his old broad-brimmed black hat against the grain, while his wiry brownish straight hair vibrated gently after the removal of its confining covering. “Daniel Hoat is my name, sir,” he said, in a kind of breathless tone of great deliberation—“Daniel Hoat. I have been long favorably impressed not only by the culture-aiding and anti-Philistine advance of the OVERLAND, but by your own writings”—which he proceeded to compliment in terms which it becomes not a modest editor to repeat—“and I think you are worthy to publish my autobiography.”

Nervously, quickly then was the manuscript in green ink set before the present writer and unrolled, sheets and fragments of sheets wriggling out and away from their fellows like eels during the process, and adding to the nervousness of their owner. “It is in a rather disconnected and fragmentary state,” he went on to say, “but you can remedy that—it belongs to your profession; I believe I can trust you. Besides, I have to return to England immediately; a near friend of mine lies in sore sickness. I may again visit California, or I may not; but the likelihood of my friend’s death reminds me of the possibility of my own, and I would not have the world run the risk of losing the precious instruction of my memoirs. But—pardon!—I must go; that card will give my address in London, whence money will reach you to pay the postage of my

manuscript thither if—ridiculous idea!—you decide not to publish it. Good-by—by.” And the long green coat-tails vanished.

He who had listened to all this, who now held the greeny manuscript before him, sat and read long in painful cogitation. The writing was bad—very bad—the style in too many places not much better; the whole business looked doubtful. Was the entire thing a hoax, a plagiarism, a bad or good joke? We will consider the matter.

So the thing was dropped there. But in the early days of December, as the kindly Christmas time came on, the autobiography was read again. Charity triumphed. There really were, on the whole, so many truth-like, simple, good things in the story, that parts of it, at least, the public should see. As its author himself says, somewhere: “It is the true record of a life, the very self-history of the birth and growth of one soul, human and mortal, yet atom of the divine and eternal force that can not die. Let it reflect before it pass into other forms its little spark of light.”

So be it, as thou sayst, O brother spirit; be the brown cover of our OVERLAND to thee a shelter from the gathering mist of time and oblivion that had else quickly swallowed thee, poor glow-worm!—a shelter and a mirror thousand-fold multiplying, sending thy “little spark of light” into all lands. From this paragraph onward, in these pages, it is thou, Daniel Hoat, that speakest, telling in thine own words thine own story.

CHAPTER I.

I was born, in what year of our Lord it matters not, in the townland of Glendrum, not twelve miles from the considerable town of Belfast, in the heart of the great Scotch settlement, or “plantation,” whose salt has preserved the province of Ulster from the rankness which, for reasons not precisely agreed upon,

renders the rest of Ireland disagreeable to sensitive nostrils. My father was a well-to-do farmer of the strictest Presbyterian type, who permitted himself no sinful pleasure but the inordinate use of Scotch whisky; while my step-mother—for my own mother died as I first saw the light—was absolutely faultless in every respect save, perhaps, in certain exaggerations she permitted herself regarding the standing of her family—which was English, and had, indeed, seen better times—but I was, the more intolerant of this, as it evidently did not affect *me*. “Ma”—as she was called by everyone in the house—however, did her conscientious best the whole day through, especially on Sundays, to make of me and of her son Adam—born to my father three years after my birth—well-bred and pattern boys; with what results shall be seen.

The ancient house and farm-yard, and the farm with its wonderful winding lanes, were to me a long surprise and delight; weary and worn now in soul and mind, I would give all riches, if I had them, to stand once more in the old south door-way, and feel the sun on my boy's straw-hat and coarse blue clothes and little hands—to move, stout shod, sedately down the yard, a little patriarch as then, amid an indescribable uproar of domestic animals. On the high orchard wall screamed unmusically peacocks that out-solomoned Solomon; on the littered ground moved an innumerable multitude of common fowl, Guinea fowl, pigeons, turkeys, ducks, geese, each colored and giving forth sounds after its kind; and to me all very good. My favorite retreat was in the branches of a broad sycamore-tree overlooking the horse-pond at the foot of the yard. How philosophical, how much-comprehending I felt myself to be, gazing down for hours into the water, kept clear by a running stream, which came down through dark thickets, half a mile away, undergrown,

impenetrable, unexplorable as the sources of the Nile, as the Mountains of the Moon. Peering through the topmost leaves of my tree, in very clear days, I sometimes imagined I saw open land beyond its jungle; I had even heard my father say he had penetrated its wilderness with his great gun in search of game: I shuddered and clung to my branch. As the shades of darkness closed down, after the plowmen and the cow-boy had brought their cattle to drink, after supper, when the moon had risen, I used sometimes with fear and trembling to leave my stool by the great hearth-fire, steal down to my tree, climb it, and look and listen toward the stream sources—toward the Wilde, as the little forest was called. What deliciously awful sounds reached my ears, what in-nominable shapes stalked there in the darkness visible; lions, tigers, serpents, vampires, savages in fiery war-paint, and *banshees* and spirits from the old graveyard beside the church-clock clanging the hours, prowled, crawled, and hovered there in millions of millions.

You see I was not an instructed, enlightened boy, like the youth of the present generation. I could read, indeed, and had read quite a number of children's fairy stories; but I had never been at any school, never associated with any boy save Adam—others were too vulgar, my step-mother said, and at any rate there were not many in the neighborhood—so I really knew nothing of science; I only thought much for myself, dreaming of infinite things.

The flat world for a long time appeared absolutely perfect, an ever-revolving, myriad-sided crystal with unutterably delightful, dimly comprehended, ethereal phenomena of polarization, refraction, and reflection. It was my step-mother who in one fateful moment ruined it forever, striking it down with a crash in which all things fell for me, leaving it marked with a hideous crack and flaw

that God's eternity is not long enough to undo or smooth as at the first. The matter was a little thing of nothing, a trifle, some will say: only a woman's rushing out rapidly, dragging a child in, and whipping him for he knew not what, for he could surmise not what, refusing with added blows and motherly insults to tell for what; perhaps not a severe beating, by no means a brutal one, but every blow broke a golden cord, shattered a priceless pearl of the soul, and for the innocent victim, sobbing with set teeth and clenched baby-fists in his little darkened room, justice and goodness and truth had become as tinkling cymbals and sounding brass—poor, hollow, contemptible shams. Time has had little power to erase the memory of that day; it was the night of the supreme passion of a child's good angel, which the next sun saw crucified—not, alas! to rise again in three days.

It was the first time I had had to consider myself punished unjustly; it unfortunately was not the last, though I here explicitly clear my step-mother from the deliberate intention of wronging me: at any rate, I fared as well at first as her own son, and if this was not always the case, my peculiar temperament and manner were to blame for it. But I protest with vehemence against the whole usual system of punishing children. The lash is, in any form, a degrading if not a barbarous thing—something that now no civilized government in the world dare apply to its very criminals, save for offenses of extreme brutality against the person. Even aside from this, children are generally punished too often and too much. We judge our own failings by a gospel of selfishness; to our children we mete out the rigors of a Puritan law that presumes to draw its sanction from the *dictum* of a father, who, raising a son on his own plan, produced one whose surpassing wickedness and folly ruined the kingdom of his ancestors.

Temper is bad enough; our human instinct to be little tyrants is bad enough; but the devil's face never expands into a perfect grin until he sees the parental cane beating time to a psalm or a sermon. What does it avail, in too many cases, that faults of fanatical sternness are of the parental head, not heart? The morose emotional monomania, to which by certain bilious-souled persons the name "religion" is almost blasphemously applied, is to a great extent neutralized in its application to ourselves by a thousand semi-unconscious, Jesuitical evasions, suggested by our own enslaved souls (cunning, full of all manner of mean shifts and evasions, like all slaves); but for our children—O, there is no slave-driver like a slave!—we drive them to despair and servility, or to revolt immediate and disastrous; or otherwise to wait like a "Boots" for their day and hour—to wait with "that deep irony of conscious power which knows that its

time must one day come, and meantime can afford to wait." O, foolish parent! not one of thy vulgar and pitiful insults, thy goadings of petty cruelty, thy strikings-out of a fool's wrath (which, though stone is heavy and sand is weighty, is heavier than they both)—not one of these least but may or shall be yet returned upon thy head as it were coals of fire—pray God they be of repentance, not of punishment! All this wrath, believe me—ask science if any force can die—is hoarded up against some bitter day of wrath and revelation.

All quite away from the subject of my childish reveries, is it? Well, perhaps, reader, not so far as you might think; but at any rate you have to deal with a grown-up philosopher who has much to say, and who can not be made to stand upon the order of his saying it. In chapter two, however, we shall return to our little philosopher.

A CORNISH LEGEND

A hamlet on the Cornish coast;
 A wild storm-haunted place,
 So lone and drear, it seems that God
 Hath turned away his face,
 And scorns to heed, though sore their need,
 The lowly fisher race.

A place of poverty and want,
 Of rocks and drifting sand,
 Where the great cruel traitor deep
 Is kinder than the land;
 Where crusts are earned by bitter strife
 With wind and wave, and each man's life
 Is daily in his hand.

The night is calm, the sea is still,
 The moon above is fair,
 Yet sadly sounds the sobbing tide,
 And whispers in the air

That rise and sink, that come and go
With swift and stealthy rustlings, show
The winds are plotting there.

One form upon the lonely beach
Walks quickly to and fro;
The moon shines on a furrowed brow
With hair as white as snow—
On a face that burns with deadly hate,
Yet seemeth full content to wait
For the end that cometh slow.

A step is heard—the old man's face
Grows pale beneath the moon;
He looks as one who feared to lose
Yet finds a promised boon.
He mutters low beneath his breath:
"He cometh down to meet his death,
And cometh none too soon."

But the stranger hath not heard the words;
He greeteth loud and free:
"Old man, we may not sail to-night,
I dread this glassy sea;
I fear yon cloud with lowering scowl
Will cause these muttering winds to howl—
The coming storm I see."

"Nay, nay, I've lived upon this coast
Through many a stormy year;
As I am counted weatherwise,
I say you need not fear
That my stout boat can come to harm,
For the sea below is still and calm.
The sky above is clear."

O brooding storm, give now a sign!
O winds, O sea, arise!
A warning may be yet in time.
A distant moan replies;
Then, whistling gusts come rushing past—
The heralds of the coming blast—
Like a dying giant's sighs.

* * * * *

"Turn back, old man! turn back, I say,
The storm is rising fast!
Turn back, we have no time to lose;
The sky is overcast,
A distant moaning fills my ear
It is the coming blast."

"The wind blows strong, the wind blows fair;
No better night, I wis,
Could the God of Justice have granted me
For the deed I do than this.
On a calmer shore thou soon shalt stand
For He hath given to my weak hand
The vengeance that is His.

"Yes, we will turn; the end is come—
With the howling storm astern,
And those breaker-beaten rocks ahead,
What matter where we turn!
Why have I done this? Listen, now,
If the reason you would learn:

"I had a daughter years ago,
The darling of my life,
I loved her as I loved my God,
For the sake of my dead young wife;
And we lived happily, she and I,
With never a word of strife.

"Until a stranger came one day
To take our Cornish air,
A stranger with a winning voice
That ever promised fair;
He saw the beauty of my child,
And basely, secretly beguiled
Her from her father's care.

"Then wearily, for many a day
I sought her far and wide;
Then wandered back to wait for her
To seek her father's side.
She came at length, one winter night,
But ere the coming of the light
She kissed my face and died.

"Before she went she told me how
She ne'er had borne your name;
Her child and yours had died in want,
Yet you she would not blame.
I've waited many years—at length
I can avenge her shame."

ETC.

Holiday Address.

Readers and contributors of the OVERLAND, we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New-Year. We have a right to do this, for we are all friends, and workers together to a good common end—the development and prosperity of California, through California of America, and through America of the world. Large words! yet let us look quietly into the matter. The first thing to be seen to in establishing a new country and in creating inducements to draw co-workers thither, is that abundant facilities be assured for the winning of bread to eat and of raiment to put on, with such other material conveniences and luxuries as all persons naturally desire. And, at an early period of her existence, California *did* set her red-gold seal to this bond, never since dishonored, swearing by herself—grandest oath!—that in no land should the stout heart, the strong arm, and the clear head be so greatly rewarded with material things as here. That invitation-challenge had been largely answered from among those who saw set forth therein a nearly sufficient reward for their pains; but it was not enough. To repeat the old commonplace, true for evermore of all more than merely brutal beings, “man could *not* live by bread alone.” O beautiful queen by the peaceful sea! with the great strong bear at thy feet, with the miraculous Fortunatus’ purse at thy girdle, with thy beautiful garments upon thee—one thing yet thou lackest, one gem is too plainly wanting in thy simple golden crown. To thy purse, to thy purse!—thy silver and thy gold are but dross, and will but draw vulgar worshipers, while the imperial jewel, CULTURE, is not found with thee.

The cry is heard, and the jewel comes—is mounting up to its place, proudly reverent hands assisting. Up with it! up to its setting in the front of, above, upon, the good old yellow gold. Thinkers, students, read-

ers, artists, writers, professors, *brothers*, we fight, we have made this fight for the land we love and live in. Help us! up with us! O people, until we can reach higher, and set your jewel higher—until its rays flash the glory of your California, bright as the sun, fair as the moon, before every people and kindred and nation and tongue—until it take its shining place among the constellations of the cultured world, amid cries of greeting and peace—and until, on some not far distant Christmas Day, the wise men from the old East come, drawn toward our new star worshiping, and bringing, with exceeding joy, their precious frankincense and myrrh, to bid us our merriest Christmas and our happiest New-Year of all.

In and Around Yedo.

We take this opportunity of laying before our readers portions of a very interesting letter from a dear and observant friend of ours, referring to certain religious and historical buildings in the vicinity of Yedo, Japan:

“Yokohama and Yedo are eighteen miles apart, connected by a railroad running over a level country near the bay-shore, backed by picturesque hills well wooded, with a variety of foliage whose luxuriance is almost tropical. Together with the palm, maple, and bamboo, the pine and a great variety of evergreens flourish in abundance. Some of the evergreens have a drooping feathery foliage that can not be excelled in grace. Most of the large trunks are completely clothed in ivy. Yedo itself is both city and country at once, it is so interspersed with bright squares of green and temples surrounded with magnificent groves, some of them covering from ten to eighty acres of ground. The grove surrounding the temple of Osakisi, through which I rode, has several miles of drives shaded by tall trees trained from their planting to bow just enough to make you feel they

are doing homage to the passer-by; which, together with the memories of the strange religion, of the temples still filled with devotees, and beautiful with art copied from nature, or nature itself wrought or brought by the hand of man to make these places of worship beautiful, makes one feel that we have never learned the art of making our people true worshipers.

"One can not stand in the face of those grand, quaint structures, with all their surroundings, and believe that a people that could have the taste to build (as their groves and grounds are all 'made') such places, and worship there, could be the dishonest people that all foreigners unite in believing them to be. In the temple of Shila, we saw the finest art. The great bronze gate (the arch being perhaps sixty feet high) is the most massive and beautiful architectural bronze structure we saw anywhere. The doors are executed in perfect taste, without grotesqueness. Our friends exclaimed at once that they reminded them of the Florentine gates, which Michael Angelo said were fit to be the entrance to heaven. These two swinging doors of solid bronze, so massive and so beautifully executed, lead into the inner temple, and only swing on their hinges during the reign of the *tycoons*, to admit the *tycoon* himself; this temple being considered the *sanctum sanctorum*. We were among the very few that have ever reached the inside of it. We saw no gods in there, as in all the other temples, but only the shrine of the *tycoon* himself, which was constructed in the form of a square, into which we could not prevail on the priest to let us look. We passed through the great entrance gate from the street, and crossed the ruins of the main temple, which was burned in 1874—set fire to by a man still clinging to the old faith, who could not bear to see the grand old temple of three centuries desecrated to the worship of the *Shintu* religion, now the state religion. The priest that led us through appeared to be an adherent of the old faith, and still has his home in the rear of the inner temple. The tomb of the sixth and greatest *tycoon* stands directly back of the inner temple, and is a massive square urn, capped with a minaret-like top resting upon a quadrangle of granite steps

inclosed by a bronze railing—all the bronze work being exquisitely beautiful in its perfect simplicity and great finish. The character of the metal is shown by its perfect preservation after an exposure of three centuries to all the elements of the climate.

"The extensive grounds devoted to the residences of the *tycoon* and the princes are surrounded by massive stone walls, capping high embankments with canal-like moats at their base, and these repeated, one within the other, form a beautiful feature of the city. They are in perfect preservation. The slopes of the embankments are like a fresh lawn, dotted with large trees scattered about thick as in an orchard, but irregularly as nature would place them. The long branches are trained in many instances to droop into the water, and the ivy clings lovingly to almost every trunk. The drives at the foot of the embankment and the moat on the other side—in many places covered with the lotus in full bloom, glowing in several shades, from pure white to deep red—every now and then the stately stork proudly standing or walking in the edge of the water, and in other places trailing vines and wild flowers innumerable, form, I believe, an unprecedented feature in a city of a million of inhabitants. In this season (which is long) the camellia—a native—blossoms in the greatest abundance. We saw, right in the limits of the city, groves of the camellia-tree, with its rich, wax-like leaf, in size, from a bush to a tree forty feet in height, and sometimes long hedges of camellia, althea, and tea, mixed and woven together by a great variety of delicate vines. The rose of Sharon and the primrose adorn the banks of the moat and streams. Of course, there is a large space covered by shops with the simple homes of the owners at their back, lining long narrow streets for miles; but every shop and tenement combined has at its back a few trees and shrubs. The families of the common people live in the streets, or lounge on the matting covering the open-shop floors; and the chickens, dogs, and cats, which are numerous, are scattered all along the narrow street, sharing it with the children, who are perfectly fearless, and consequently the driver of a vehicle drawn by horses has constantly to call out a warning lest he run over them.

"We went to the castle grounds—former gardens of the *tycoon*, now of the *mikado* and court. These grounds of 800 acres are a perfect imitation of nature. There are hills, and beautiful little meadow-like valleys; streams with water-falls; lakelets, and rocky cliffs composed of rocks brought from every part of the kingdom; shrubs and trees of great variety, and some of immense size, measuring four feet in diameter. It seemed almost incredible to believe that the whole was the work of human hands. The day, as a whole, was one of the most interesting of my life. These great monuments of their taste and industry make us respect these people, notwithstanding we feel that they are to-day but children in civilization. Yet, when we realize that, while our ancestors were roving savages, this nation had attained to almost its present state, it is a strange fact that we have come to raise them to a greater civilization."

Yosemite Guide-book.

A new edition of the *Yosemite Guide-book* of the Geological Survey of California has appeared so quietly that very few persons even know of its existence. It is substantially a reprint of the little manual edition which appeared some years ago, but it embodies some of the observations made by the survey in 1873, and is in many minor points brought down to date. It contains a map of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, which is quite new, and a photolithographic reproduction of the map of the Sierra adjacent to the Yosemite, on a scale a little reduced from that of the original. It is, in its present form, one of the very best guide-books ever prepared for a region of such wonders and such difficulties. In this connection, it may interest some of our readers to call their attention to a miniature model of the "Half-dome" of the Yosemite, which was made by the survey, and is now placed in the Yosemite Gallery at Woodward's Gardens. This model is of great accuracy—the result of a comparison of many measurements, photographs, and personal observations—and it enables a student to see clearly some of the remarkable characteristics of this great rock; more clearly, in fact, than he could see them without

great labor and painstaking in a visit to the valley.

Art Notes.

—In art the "Keith Collection"—which was sold at auction on the 11th of December, realizing in the aggregate only about \$8,000, (a complete sacrifice at this price)—has been the principal topic of interest since our last issue. This collection was exhibited at Newhall's, and consisted of 100 sketches and finished pictures, representing the varied phases of Californian scenery, and agreeably interspersed with fruit and flower pieces by Mrs. Keith; it has already received such high commendation from every quarter that but little that is new remains to be said on the subject. The principal characteristics of Mr. Keith's style are already well known, being vigor and boldness of conception, originality of treatment, and truth of color; which are well exemplified in this collection. The two largest, which would make admirable companion pictures, form a splendid contrast in color and subject, and one is puzzled to make a choice between them. He that loves California, clad in her early summer robes, jeweled and sparkling in sunlight, will probably prefer "Loma Prieta;" while he that rejoices in the golden brown of autumn, and sunset on snowy mountains, will choose "Sunset in the Wasatch." There were also many "little gems" in the collection worthy of especial notice, among which, "Indian Summer in Maine" is lovely and poetic in sentiment; "On Napa Creek" has the true freshness of California spring-time; and "In the Contra Costa Hills" we rejoice with the contented cattle, lying with such an air of quiet enjoyment in the tender grass starred with wild-flowers and flecked with sunlight. "A Figure Study in Spring-time" shows in its graceful drawing that Mr. Keith might with ease excel in another direction, while a "Study from Oakland Point" exhibits much of the spirit of the best French school. We should like to linger longer over this interesting collection, now scattered, but fear that the space will be denied us; yet must remark, apropos of this subject, that some of the Boston papers have the audacity to claim Keith and Hill as "Boston artists." Boston's *penchant* for literary and artistic

celebrities is well known, but we do not intend to yield to her these our two choicest bits of artistic humanity. We do not think that their short sojourn in that city entitles Boston to claim them, and we are almost certain that Keith has spent more of his purely artistic career here than in the East. At least we have present possession, and that is nine points of the law, and we believe that it will not be easy to alienate them from this pleasant land in the future.

—An exhibition of the work of the pupils of the School of Design has lately taken place, which reflects great credit upon the director, Virgil Williams, and shows that many of the pupils of the school have already discovered that the "royal road" to proficiency in art is the patient study of nature. Among those names particularly deserving notice are Miss Herrick, Mrs. Gillen, Miss Roberts, Mrs. Osborne, and a few others. We are of opinion that the award of prizes in an institution of this sort is injudicious, and more productive of ill-feeling and disappointment than stimulating to ambition. No matter what honest endeavor to award the prizes fairly may be made, the greater number will be dissatisfied. We think, also, it would be right to discriminate between those who have entered the school with a previous practice of several years and those who have entered without such knowledge.

—Hill has some fine landscapes at Roos'. He has also in the window a "Wood Interior," which is exquisite in color, drawing, and handling. Brooks has one of his characteristically good fish-pictures. Richard J. Bush exhibits a very good study with trees and water, which shows steady improvement. There is also a study from nature by Schirmer, the successor to Schadow in the Dusseldorf Academy, fine in color and effect.

—At Snow & May's, on Kearny Street, Norton Bush exhibits his usual "tropical" picture. Mr. Marple, in the same place, has another "Sunset," rather coarse in color and treatment, which may please some. So long as there is the smallest sentiment of truth in a picture it atones for many deficiencies; but when truth is altogether lacking, a bad picture, like a bad book, is a powerful agent in lowering and demoralizing public taste.

—Morris, Schwab & Co. have on exhibition a fine large picture by De Haas, representing a wreck driven by wind and wave on the rock-bound coast of Maine. It is a picture full of power—strong in effect. The wave-drawing is very fine; the color good, but inclines to blackness in the shadows, which gives a heavy appearance to the whole. We do not think this is one of his best efforts. The story would have been better told on a smaller canvas; but, "take it for all in all," it is a picture that no other marine artist could equal in America.

—Charles Nahl has on his easel and nearly completed, a splendid large figure composition, painted to the order of a gentleman in this city. It is characterized by elaborate drawing and brilliant color.

Petermann's Map of the United States.

It is too bad that practical Americans should have to go to Germany for the most careful and comprehensive map of the territory of the United States; but so it is. Doctor A. Petermann, the well-known editor of the *Geographische Mittheilungen*, has just completed, in six sheets, a map of this country, which surpasses in completeness, in fullness of detail, and in painstaking regard for accuracy, all other general maps of the same region. These six sheets are best adapted to use upon the library or office table, but they may also be mounted on rollers to be hung upon the wall. In their preparation the freest use has been made of the materials collected by the State Geological Survey of California, by Wheeler, Hayden, and the army engineers, of the publications of the Coast Survey, Post-office Department, General Land-office, Light-house Board, and of the various State surveys, and the result is that, in a compact form, we have now at hand a harmonized summary of this information.

Some years ago, Doctor Henry Kiepert, the Berlin cartographer, remarked to an American gentleman that he had been for several years endeavoring to prepare a map of the United States, but that we Americans pushed ahead so fast that he could not possibly keep up; just as soon as the map was ready to print, some new and important information came to hand requiring the work to

be modified. So it will be for a long period to come. Therefore, the more gratitude is due to a publisher who brings together, up to a given date, the accessible geographical data, and presents them in a form adapted to general use.

The map of Petermann is on the scale of 1: 3,760,000; it measures about thirty-three inches by twenty-seven inches in superficies. It presents very clearly the physical features, the hills, peaks, ridges, passes, rivers, lakes, etc., of the country, and is especially good on some of the regions recently explored, such as the Yellowstone Park, the high Sierra, the Colorado parks, and the like. But it is also a record of civilization. At the East, the names of towns and cities fill the areas of the States, being almost too minutely jotted down. At the West, forts, missionary stations, and Indian reservations are indicated, and the heights of peaks and passes. Not only the railways, but the chief post-routes are also indicated, and on the sea-coast the light-houses. Great skill is shown in the choice of lettering, so that distinctive type denotes different political subdivisions, and the colors by which the separate States are marked are not glaring, like patch-work or coarse stenciling, but are harmonious and quiet, not interfering with the details to which we have alluded. Copies of the map may be found in San Francisco at the German book-store of Messrs. J. B. Golly & Co.

Children's Books.

We have been reading Christmas books for children, and have been thereby set a-thinking. It will doubtless be thought strange by some that *Mother Goose* and other such childish trifles could furnish food for thought to one who is supposed to have long ago "put away childish things;" yet so it was. The edition of *Mother Goose* we took up for reviewing purposes is a modern one, illustrated. We are filled with vague recollections of the old lady, but somehow she seems dead and buried, out of date, and—childish. The first few rhymes we happened upon were strangers; thus we knew that *Mother Goose* had increased her family, or somebody else had increased it for her, and we wondered if the elder members were dead,

or married, or forgotten. Suddenly we came upon a picture of a small boy seated upon the ground with an immense pie before him, inserting something, which we knew to be a plum, in his somewhat exaggerated mouth. This certainly is "Little Jack Horner," thought we, who, from time immemorial, has not only sat in a corner and made a little pig of himself, but has exulted over it. But somehow Master John does not seem himself; he seems a counterfeit. We have a dim recollection of having envied him when we saw him last; now we only pity him, feel sure the pie has been feloniously abstracted, and shudder at the thought of castor-oil taken under compulsion. We go farther. "Jack and Jill" roll recklessly down the hill, closely pursued by the pail of water: but there surely *is* something the matter with the book; where is the intense interest we *used* to take in the result of that mishap—whether Jack, who rolls first, will be overtaken and rolled upon by Jill, who rolls second—the old wish that the page could be lengthened out to the bottom of the hill that we might see the sequel—the old disappointment (we were very young then) at always finding them in the same position instead of rolling clear off the page, as they ought to have done? The "Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," too, busily engaged as ever in correcting her numerous progeny—will she see that bare-legged infant making faces at her round the heel, before he has time to regain a composed expression? We know not, neither do we care; we did once, though. And here are two old friends. Ah! *Mother Goose*, you must have been young, and fair, and tender-hearted, we are sure, when you wrote the loves of "Jenny Wren and Robin Redbreast!" Yet even this, the sweetest of your melodies, is not the same. Once upon a time we were almost offended at little Jenny's "poky" ideas, when she replies to Robin's magnificent offers:

"Cherry pie is very good; and so is currant wine,
But I will wear my brown gown, and never dress too
fine."

Now, it is refreshing to hear of a maiden with such modest wants; but we can not believe it.

No, they are not the originals—to us; though they doubtless are and will be to

hundreds of others who are still in the enchanted realm over which Mother Goose still reigns supreme, and ever will, and ever ought to, for she is the rightful sovereign of the fairy-land whose inhabitants have the gift of seeing the pleasant things which are not, and not seeing the unpleasant things which are—the beautiful land whose borders we are, nevertheless, while within, ever anxious to pass; over whose borders all *do* and *must* pass, silently, almost without knowing it, only to look back, longingly, at the gates forever closed to them—the Land of Childhood.

To see "Tom the Piper's Son" running as fast and looking as desperately frightened as of yore, we must go back many years to a certain nursery far away, and to a certain tattered volume, the ghost of which appears as visibly in the fire to-night as if it were present in the body. The pictures, just as they were, for children are close observers of what pleases them, are before us. Great cities, mighty mountains, gorgeous landscapes that we have seen since, even the thrilling adventures of "hobbledehoyhood," have left but faint impressions compared with that tattered book. We see them all. Old King Cole, the very picture of jollity, sits listening to his fiddlers; Simple Simon fishes fruitlessly; the mouse runs madly up the clock and scampers madly down again (there was a tall Dutch clock in our kitchen which we used to think must be the veritable scene of the mouse's adventure); Cross Patch is as sour as ever; the Lion and the Unicorn battle fiercely for the crown; everything is now as it used to be, though it took a long time seeming so.

Almost all grown persons of the present generation can conjure up the tattered book to themselves, even as we have, and the apparition will not be unpleasant; but will the grown people of the next generation be able to do the same? Not many, we fear. We meet children now who have never heard of Mother Goose; some who have never had the chance, God help them! others (God help them more), who would not deign to read such trash—wretched little cynics of four years, who, if you told them: "Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon," would put their

finger to their nose and cry, "Not much," to the delectation of parents, who would tell you that their boy "is too 'smart' for that; why, sir, he has an eye for business already." Heaven defend us from such "smartness!" The child that scorns Mother Goose would scorn its grandmother. But, in our opinion, less harm is done to a child by pursuing even this course, than by forcing him to read, if he reads at all, what are familiarly known as "good books"—stories that tell how a little prig named Walter Goodboy, who always goes to Sunday-school, and never steals apples, O no! marries his master's daughter, becomes a judge, and eventually has an opportunity to sentence to the gallows his old companion, Dick Badboy, who *did* steal apples and did *not* go to Sunday-school in his youth. Mother Goose will not be found in families where these "good books" are. Ah well! The old dame *is* rather "broad" sometimes; many of her rhymes had originally a political meaning and were written in a "broad" age; but the proportion of "narrowness" in the "good books" is much greater.

But we had almost forgotten our original business, which was to look over certain Christmas books received from A. L. Bancroft & Co. Of these, "Uncle Willis," in his *Mother Goose*, has so mutilated many of the old lady's productions that we have little to say in his favor, except that the illustrations are excellent. *The Favorite* also contains good pictures of a cheap description, but the accompanying verse is wofully doggerel. *Little Wide-awake* is brimful of good cuts and pleasant miscellaneous reading, but is rather overloaded with the "good stories" above alluded to. *Chatterbox* is an old friend, and a welcome one; full of well-told stories and well-executed engravings. This is an instructive work as well as an amusing one, but is meant for older children than the others. *St. Nicholas* is a large and very elegantly bound volume of a magazine published in monthly parts; just such a book as we, in our youthful days, would have been delighted to receive as a Christmas present; full of tales about bears, and wolves, and robbers, and wrecks, and everything else that a boy loves to read about. The engravings are very fine. But if we wanted to delight a

small heart, and bring its owner up in the way he or she should go, we would make said owner a present of *Merry Elves*. There are only four stories in the book, none of them very long, but they are exquisitely told, and as exquisitely illustrated. Every sentence glows with humor and sympathy for its subject. The author never leaves sight

of the fact that he is writing of, and perhaps to, "little elves," to whom a fern is a mighty tree, the grass a dense jungle, a clod of earth a mountain, a crack in the ground a ravine, a worm a thing to be stumbled over. Our heart goes out to the author of such good works as this, and we should like to see his book in every child's hands.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE FRENCH HUMORISTS, from the Twelfth to the Nineteenth Century. By Walter Besant, M. A. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Scholarly, witty, thoroughly interfused with that gay *esprit gaulois*, whose manifestations it really chronicles—for of men of humor as we understand it, save Rabelais, there is not one pictured here—this book makes good reading. Several great names of men of *esprit*, some of the greatest, indeed (as Voltaire and Rousseau), have been omitted for various reasons—some as having been treated of by the author in a previous well-known work, *Studies in Early French Poetry*. But Mr. Besant manages, on the whole, to give us a great deal of information, and that of an out-of-the-way sort, concerning, if not the subject of his title-page, at least men of letters and talent in general, "from the twelfth to the nineteenth century," in France. He wants to show, as he goes along, "that the French type for satire and humor has preserved one uniform character from generation to generation. In an unbroken line the writers are all the same. The poets of the *chansons* and the parodies, Guyot the Grumbler, Rutebeuf the Trouvère, Villon the Ribaut, Clement Marot, Rabelais, Passerat and Pithou, Saint-Amant, La Fontaine—all down to Béranger—have one quality in common, the *esprit gaulois*. They are always good-tempered; their darts are wrapped in flowers; their poison—a harmless poison enough—is administered in wine; they are too sympathetic to be savage; they never get into a rage, except perhaps when, like poor Des Pérrers, they are going to commit suicide;

or when, like Rabelais, who is savage with the monks, they have deep and bitter wrongs to resent. On the other hand, they are irreverent; they have no strong convictions; they are incapable of martyrdom; they are full of animal spirits and animal enjoyment; they love life with all the passion of a Greek; they are like children for mockery, mischief, and lightness of heart."

This is really a very fair, well-expressed statement of the general features of our author's gallery; let us now pick out a few special characteristic pictures, beginning with the mediæval, and glance at his treatment of them. Satirical they are for the most part, for satire is the natural expression of oppressed and repressed mental power, and as the middle ages worshiped superstition and the strong arm, enlightenment and the keen brain took their revenge in sneering and mocking at all established things. In songs led by the troubadours and *trouvères*—beginning with that memorable eleventh century "*Nos sumes homes cum il sunt*," that heralded "the first of the terrible French risings" against the clergy and the aristocracy, down to the better-known and not less memorable *ga-iras* and other guillotine-chants of later days, in which discontented and satiric France expressed her discontent and her aspirations—there is something found better worth singing about than shepherdesses, fountains, and the dreary eternally merry month of May. Not, of course, but that wholly flippant, trivial, or amorous songs are still delighted in; such things are never wanting anywhere that health and youth and love exist, and least of

all in France. Before the press began its work, wandering singers and poets had to carry about and present their productions in person if they would live by their talents. A jovial life enough, as seen in certain aspects, but—well, look at Rutebeuf, for example, a favorite professional *trouvère* of the thirteenth century. Your *trouvère* frequents great cities and halls—sometimes in permanent office there—singing for ladies and lords; if out of luck, he makes a *jongleur* of himself—that is to say, a poet and a story-teller of the cross-roads and hearth-fire, a fortune-teller, a quack, a clown. To please his hearers, he slyly satirizes monks of evil life and such civil personages as he dare; there is as yet no censorship of literature, and avoiding vital church points there is absolute legal freedom of pen and tongue—modified only by certain little irregular checks, such as having one's eyes put out, ears cropped, nose slit, or tongue torn out, by some victim of one's satire.

Rutebeuf had led a university life at Paris; a fast life and a merry one while it lasted. He had got no learning, no degree; but he had a fine tenor voice, infinite skill on all manner of musical instruments, and in reciting countless songs and *fabliaux*; so he took the road as a minstrel. This road was not altogether safe in the thirteenth century, so many robbers there were, and in winter so many wolves, and at all times so many competitors—rude boors, not knowing how to distinguish between an artist like our Rutebeuf and the merest charlatan of the lute. So he settled down finally in Paris, where his gambling habits kept him in sore straits:

"I sit forlorn with my pockets bare,
In Paris, the city of all good fare;
And I lie all day on my pallet-bed,
Because I've no money to buy me bread."

To cure this, with the prudence "which distinguishes alike the poet and the parson," he married and had a large family. Let us hope that he gambled no more, and twanged hard at his lute to fill his gaberlunzie-bag—he received much payment in kind—for the little ones. Old he grows at last, and poor; blind of an eye, too: it is time that he repent, since he can sin no more; after which he will die in an odor of sanctity, leaving behind him many good songs, ballads, and

"the very best of the old miracle-plays," with fine situations, "effective, simple, and striking"—for more details of which, students may with advantage consult our author.

Mr. Besant gives us an interesting note on the ever famous "Reynard the Fox," a *melange* of stories, beginning probably "in the tenth or eleventh century, with the Latin poem of *Reinardus Vulpes*. This was written somewhere east of the Rhine, and somewhere north of the Loire. No other limits can be assigned, no other date can be given. It is absurd for the Germans to claim the work as they have done, and almost as absurd for the French." Let it be likened to a great cathedral, grand, quaint, trivial, with all the characteristics of mediæval thought and life, covered and carved with the handiwork of many different artists and artisans, added to from time to time with chapels and wings, each bearing the mark of an individual mind. "Here and there one tells us something about himself. 'I am a priest of La Croix-en-Bric,' says one. 'I am a merchant and a grocer,' says another."

And so it goes; three great periods of growth being found in the legend. The first, bringing it up to the beginning of the thirteenth century, contains the *Reinardus Vulpes*, the French Reynard, the Flemish, and the German—out of which Goethe has made his *Reineke Fuchs*. The second period, belonging also to the thirteenth century, contains the *Crowning of Reynard*; and to the third appertains *Renart le contrefait*, a picture of fifteenth century society.

We come now to the *Romance of the Rose*, a work the most famous, the most long-enduring in popularity, of all mediæval books; the dear companion of knights and dames, of *damoiseaux* and *damoiselles*; "a book which for two hundred and fifty years continued to live as a sort of Bible in France; the source whence its readers drew their maxims of morality, their philosophy, their science, their history, and even their religion, and which, after having retained its popularity for a length of time almost unparalleled in the history of literature, was revived with success after the Renaissance—the only mediæval book which for a long space of years enjoyed this distinction in France."

There were various sufficient reasons for

these things, some of which we shall try to make apparent. The poem (of which the translation commonly known as "Chaucer's" is good so far as it goes, two-thirds of the original being omitted) is the work of two persons: Guillaume de Lorris, whose authorship may be approximately dated at about 1240, and Jean de Meung, who took up the abandoned pen of his predecessor somewhere about 1280—dates earlier than are usually given.

Guillaume begins his poem, as was the fashion, with a dream. It is—of course—the month of May; his hero with his twenty years of youth upon him wanders forth until in a certain place he alights upon a walled garden ("the mediæval writer's only idea of scenery"), four-square, planted with all sorts of fruit-trees, "brought from the country of the Saracens," and set five or six fathoms apart; there are beautiful walks, fountains, flowers, and what-not, for this is the Garden of Delight (*Déduit*), the *Myrthe* of "Chaucer's" translation. A goodly fair tall fellow this *Déduit* was, surrounded by his courtiers, Joy (*Lésce*), and Love, and others not so pleasing in character. The hero falls in love with a Rose-bud of the garden, which he would make his own; but there are difficulties. Reason is there, and Trespass, and Shame the child of these two, and Danger is not far off. "Danger in most mediæval allegories stands for the husband," so that the unsmooth course of love was getting the poem quite into a muddle, when—Guillaume de Lorris died, leaving his expounders to darken his riddles seven times worse than at the first.

At last, forty years later, there came to finish this *Roman de la Rose* Jean de Meung, or Jean Clopinel, Limping John, born at Meung in Loiret—"with his head stuffed full of all the learning of the time, nearly bursting with sentiments, convictions, and opinions on religion, politics, social economy, and science." Upon the cold, fanciful, graceful, monotonous, conservative, Provençal allegory of De Lorris, he determined to build his own coarse, many-buttressed, strong, high tower of attack on all things he disliked. It is no longer a *trouvère* bent on developing a hidden meaning, and wrapping mighty secrets of religious truth in a cold and care-

ful allegory; it is a man, unfortunately a churchman, eager and impetuous, alive to all the troubles and sorrows of humanity, with a supreme contempt for love, and for woman the object of love, and a supreme carelessness for the things that occupied the mind of his predecessor. We have said that new characters were introduced. The boundaries of the old allegory were, indeed, too narrow. Jean de Meung had to build, so to speak, the walls of his own museum. It was to be a museum which should contain all the knowledge of the time; to hold miscellaneous "collections of facts, opinions, legends, and quotations, than which nothing can be more bewildering, nothing more unmethodical, nothing more *bizarre*." He is, despite all, a better poet than his predecessor, which is not saying much, and he expresses forcibly enough, though with innumerable digressions, his ideas. Of the main drift of some of these, he can leave no reader in any possible doubt. He hisses and hoots the monastic orders, and cries up personal holiness and good works with the energy of a reformer; he attacks what he considers the extravagant attention paid to women, mercilessly and brutally exposing the vices and the follies of the sex; and he even dares to put forth and inculcate certain vague republican ideas and speculations rather astonishing in the thirteenth century. His famous character, "Faux Semblant," the hypocrite—a character introduced into the *Roman* by himself—is a masterpiece that "anticipates Rabelais and surpasses Erasmus." Under this name, "False Seeming," a priest is made to speak venomously against his own order, in a careless confession of the character of himself and his brethren. Nor is the poet less severe on women than on the clergy. Has any misogynic blasphemy ever surpassed in concentrated malignity this famous couplet?—

"Toutes estes, serez, ou fustes,
De faict ou de vouenté, putes."

He apologizes in some sort, it is true, both for his attacks on the gown and on the petticoat:

"No jealousy inspired the song:
No hatred bears the lines along.
* * * * *
I let my random arrows fly
In lowly town and cloister high.
For what cared I where'er they lit?"

The folk that Christ called hypocrite,
Who here and there are always found,

These were my mark; no other aim
Was mine except to blot their fame."

Let us pass to the model republic, the golden age, of our singer—something to bewilder statesmen of his time, we should think, especially such as had not read the first book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*:

"A simple folk; they had no prayer—
No fond ambition—nor other care
Than just to live a life of joy,
And loyal love without annoy.
No king or prince was with them yet
To plunder and wrong, to ravish and fret;
There were no rich, there were no poor,
For no man yet kept his own store:
And well the saying old they knew
(Wise it is, and is proven true),
Love and Lordship are two—not one."

We have touched now on all the leading chords of the *Roman de la Rose*; we think we have justified its popularity among a people very weary of court, clerical, and feminine falsetoes. Its important and long-dominant position in the early literature of France justifies, in taking leave of it, another quotation from our eloquent and in-seeing authority on the subject: "The poet has a tear for the poor naked beggars dying on dung-heaps and in the Hotel-Dieu, and a lash of scorpions for the Levite who goes by on the other side; he teaches the loveliness of friendship; he catches the wordless complaint of the poor, and gives it utterance; he speaks with a stern which Voltaire only has equaled, and a revolutionary fearlessness surpassing that of D'Alembert or Diderot.

. . . An hour before the dawn, you may hear the birds in the forest twitter in their sleep: they dream of the day. Europe at the close of the thirteenth century was dreaming of the glorious Renaissance, the dawn of the second great day of civilization. Jean de Meung answered the questions of the times with a clearness and accuracy which satisfied, if it did not entirely explain. Five generations passed away before the full burst of light, and he taught them all, with that geniality that is his greatest charm. His book lasted because, confused and without art as it is, it is full of life, and cheerfulness, and hope. Not one of the poets of his own time

has his lightness of heart: despondency and dejection weigh down everyone; they alternate with a monotonous song to a mistress, or a complaint for France; and to Jean de Meung they are as the wood-pigeon to the nightingale. They all borrowed from him, or studied him."

Time fails us now to follow farther the pages of the excellent work of Mr. Besant. Suffice it to say that on Rabelais, Paul Scarron, Molière, La Fontaine, Beaumarchais, and Béranger, in especial he is full, judicious, and—we shall not say entertaining, Mr. Besant is always that—delightful. He seizes a leading idea in each case with the tenacity of Carlyle—whom, by the by, he most unreasonably attacks at intervals—and follows it to the end, with infinite fertility of argument and illustration; bringing in the contemporary history of France, and, at any given epoch, its *race, milieu, and moment*, to throw light upon his subject, with the dexterity and learning of M. Taine, whom, indeed, in method, he very much resembles.

MASTERPIECES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.
By Homer B. Sprague. New York: Schermerhorn.

Throughout the colleges and high-schools of the country there has been of late a wonderful change in the time and skill devoted to the study of the English language; and text-books are now rapidly multiplied in a department where a few years ago they were wanting. One of the best and most recent of such helps has been prepared by Professor Homer B. Sprague, once of Cornell University, and now, we believe, of Princeton College in New Jersey. He has selected six great authors—Chaucer, Spenser, Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, and Bunyan—and has given in a single volume long and complete passages from their writings, upon which he has based historical, literary, and rhetorical notes, with questions, after the fashion in which the Greek and Latin classics have been edited. Thus we have "The Clerk's Tale," six "Baconian Essays," "Macbeth," the "Areopagitica," "Comus," "Nativity of Milton," and the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Each author is introduced with a biographical sketch, and each group of se-

lections is followed by analytical exercises, so arranged as to lead the scholar not only to literary enjoyments, but to critical linguistic appreciation of the writings. Phonetic, orthographic, historic, and sentence analysis are successively and successfully introduced. The foot-notes are admirable examples of compact, helpful, stimulating suggestions, which have clearly come from a mind well trained in the art of acquiring and imparting knowledge. One rare merit in these notes is that they often direct the scholar to seek out information, instead of simply giving it to him, thus quickening his curiosity and helping his spirit of research, instead of overpowering him with too much fact. There is a good index and a very skillful use of typography; but the few illustrative cuts which are introduced are rather blemishes than decorations. Other volumes are to follow this first work, and the series will deserve well of all who love or believe in the study of the mother-tongue. No one can use the book for an hour without being conscious that it is the work of an original investigator and thinker, not that of a trafficker in other men's labors.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION FOR THE YEAR 1873.

The fourth annual Report of the National Commissioner of Education has made its appearance, and is welcome to all persons who take an interest in the intellectual progress of the country. The volume is a thick one, abounding in all manner of statistics bearing on educational development, and furnishing a mass of suggestions to teachers, legislators, and others.

There is an almost general indifference manifested toward those works published at the expense of the Government. It should not be so, unless the nation descends to the publication of trifling matters. As a rule, a government should only direct its attention to the dissemination of information of the first importance—that which concerns its own and the people's well-being. Whatever may be said of the ordinary works issued from the Government printing-office at Washington, we apprehend few will examine the volume before us and come to the conclusion that

the National Educational Bureau is putting forth a useless effort, or that the appropriations made by Congress to scatter knowledge of the various and best school systems, have not been well applied. If "knowledge is power," it is clearly a work of Government to increase its strength by imparting instruction. The object of these annual reports is to give a basis, solid and substantial, on which the people can build educational institutions without going through the crude process of experiment. Whatever has been found efficient in the promotion of health or the growth of intellect in any of the States or in any quarter of the civilized world is here brought together for the benefit of instructors and of those to whom is committed the making of laws to foster education. Statistics are generally counted but dry reading, yet well-collected facts expressed in figures tell a truthful story. It is only by such tables as are brought together in these national volumes that we arrive at right conclusions relative to the condition of a nation's progress and intelligence. American intelligence is a boasted thing. But, if we will examine the reports, we will find our country has an amount of illiteracy truly astonishing. The really ignorant "foot up" nearly a fifth of the whole population. Now, in some of the States of the Union there has been an almost complete apathy regarding the education of the young. State governments have done little to create an educational fund, and individual effort has been left to do all that has been done, and that has been very little. Since the circumstances of civil war have thrown 4,000,000 of people upon the lists of freemen and invested them with the privileges of freemen—among the rest, that of the ballot—and since it is believed that republican institutions depend for their stability on the virtue and intelligence of the people, it becomes all the more necessary that something should be done to lead the mass of ignorance thus called, as it were, to uphold the republic, to the light of knowledge. The Educational Bureau is doing a good work in informing us as to what has been done in the most advanced communities in the way of constructing, ventilating, and furnishing the best school-houses, so as to preserve the health of pupils, of imparting instruction,

and, in brief, every plan or scheme which is resorted to, to help the rising generation on to knowledge and consequent usefulness in life.

We rise from the examination of the volume before us cheered with the conclusion that something is doing to enlighten the most benighted nook of our great country. We see substantial evidence of mental progression. There is an awakening to the needs of education in places where hitherto there has been too much apathy. We thank General Eaton and his corps of coadjutors for making that pleasant fact plain. We trust the wisdom of Congress will see the necessity of adding further stimulus to the cause of education wherever it is faint and feeble. Let the Government aid in raising the standard of intelligence by aids to elevation where it is low. Mental wealth and mental poverty go no better together in a republic than palaces and hovels. Great antagonisms are to be avoided. And therefore we hail the efforts of the Government to help the cause of education with its powerful arm, as a proper measure of self-protection. The reports of the Commissioner of Education should be well distributed through the country, that all persons interested in the welfare of the future may profit by the story they tell.

It is with a feeling of pride that we dwell on the advancement our State has made in the quarter of a century since the coming of the North Americans. Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper has given in the volume a very compact yet telling *résumé* of the educational status of California, as she did also in the antecedent volumes.

MODERN CHRISTIANITY, A Civilized Heathenism. By the author of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School." Boston: William F. Gill & Co.

ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE: The Inaugural Address of Prof. John Tyndall, D. C. L., LL.D., F.R.S. Delivered before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Belfast, August 19th, 1874. And articles of Prof. Tyndall and Sir Henry Thompson on Prayer. New York: Asa K. Butts & Co.

This age has been greatly abused as an irreligious one by persons whose acquaintance with it seems to be largely superficial. But

down under the ripples caused by varying, every-day winds, there sets the old strong tide, answering to the attraction of a star beyond the telescopes of science, toward those sacred mysteries, eternal as death and life, that angels desire to look into. It is to this current, this instinct, this passion, that men of science or literature, or both, now as ever, now more than at any epoch since the Reformation, turn, as to a subject whose intimate and immediate relation to the longings and needs of all souls shall attract most intense and general interest.

The famous "prayer-gauge scheme"—as it has been irreverently called—of Professor Tyndall, and his, if possible, still more famous inaugural address delivered at Belfast, have been already sufficiently commented and animadverted upon; and there seems to be but one general and popular error remaining with the public after the detailed sifting of the matter—namely, that Professor Tyndall is a man after the John Stuart Mill fashion, wholly without a religious nature or religious aspirations. This is false, and, as originated at certain sources, malignantly false. His true position as regards material or physical science is that it is *not* enough for all the requirements of man's nature; although that nature has been grossly imposed upon in an opposite direction. It is against that part of the theological tendency which he considers an imposition that his attacks have been alone directed. In his own words, not the aptest of them that might be chosen, but selected because they occur in that address which has drawn on him the fiercest criticism, let him bespeak justice: "Man never has been and he never will be satisfied with the operations and products of the understanding alone; hence *physical science can not cover all the demands of his nature*. . . . I would set forth equally the inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and the unquenchable claims of his emotional nature, *which the understanding can never satisfy*."

The *Modern Christianity* of the author of *The Fight at Dame Europa's School*, is an example of how authors of what may be termed a sensation school (though not in the worst sense) turn to the religious battleground as the true field where honours are to

be lost or won. He attacks *modern* Christianity on every wing for having fallen away from its first love; denies that it is in any general sense the religion taught by Christ; calls it, in fact, "a civilized heathenism." The book is in the form of a conversation between two friends—an unbeliever and a clergyman—and the arguments of the former are plausibly enough put, in English of a simplicity, concinnity, and purity, that have already made a reputation. The whole gist of this attack on "Christianity in its modern form" may be given in a single short quotation, with which, and the remark that we think it not wholly unworthy the attention of any one of us, we leave the subject and the book: "That which was to make Christian truth durable—nay, eternal—was just this: that it was *not* a school of philosophy, but the kingdom of God; that it was not of earth, but of heaven; that it was not material or carnal, but spiritual, mysterious, supernatural. If Christianity be not literally this, it is nothing. If Christ be not absolute king of the hearts and consciences of men, He is nothing. If the graces and sacraments of Christ be not powerful enough to make His priests, amid countless infirmities of the flesh, the very and exact representation of Himself to sinners, they are nothing. The moment you regard Christianity in the light of a secular philosophy it breaks down. . . . It was expressly meant to be laughed at and scoffed at by unbelievers, just as Christ was laughed at and scoffed at in His day. Nobody laughs at Christianity in its popular modern phase: there is nothing left to laugh at. It has cast away all that was ridiculous in the sight of men, and has become decent, and plausible, and inoffensive. . . . Whatever He [Christ] commanded, He expects you literally to perform; and you have no right to filter away His words until they enunciate a mere abstract piece of philosophical wisdom, which the heathen and the Christian may both alike accept."

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1875. Rochester, New York.

It is surprising to observe the growing tastes of our people in the cultivation of the beautiful in nature, and to note the marked progress floriculture has made in this country within the past few years. The practical instruction received from the many periodical publications on this and kindred subjects has been mainly instrumental in fostering this constantly improving taste; and to none, in this respect, do we owe so much as Mr. James Vick. In the beautifully illustrated *Guide* before us he very appropriately remarks:

"The culture of flowers is one of the few pleasures that improves alike the mind and the heart, and makes every true lover of these beautiful creations of Infinite Love wiser and purer and nobler. It teaches industry, patience, faith, and hope. We plant and sow in hope, and patiently wait with faith in the rainbow promise that harvest shall never fail. It is a pleasure that brings no pain, a sweet without a snare. True, some fail to realize their hopes, but these failures are usually partial, never embarrassing, and are only such as teach us to study more carefully and obey more strictly nature's beautiful laws. Thus we gain, first, wisdom, and then success as the results even of our failures. I have endeavored in a plain and pleasant way to give some suggestions on the philosophy of vegetation that I think will prove valuable, revealing the causes of past failures and insuring future success. Indeed, I have hoped in this improved number of the *Guide* to make the subject so plain as to render failure next to impossible, and success almost certain. Experience, however, is the great teacher. . . . Every species of plants has peculiarities which must be studied, and while we can give a few general principles we can furnish nothing that will compensate for the pleasure and profit to be derived from work and study in the garden."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

- SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA. By B. C. Truman. San Francisco: Bancroft & Co.
 THE CHILD OF THE TIDE. By Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 FAVORITE COLORED PICTURE BOOK. New York: McLaughlin Bros.
 MERRY ELVES. Illustrated by C. O. Murray. New York: T. Nelson & Sons.
 CHATTERBOX FOR 1874. New York: American News Co.
 RISEN FROM THE RANKS. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Boston: A. K. Loring.
 LITTLE WIDE-AWAKE. By Mrs. Sale Barker. New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons.
 MRS. PARTINGTON'S MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES. Boston: S. W. Tilton & Co.
 PROSPER MERIMER'S LETTERS TO AN INCOGNITA. Edited by R. H. Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.
 JOURNAL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE. Nos. VI. and VII. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 AMONG THE TREES. By Wm. Cullen Bryant. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 ST. NICHOLAS. Vol. I. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

- EGYPT AND ICELAND IN 1874. By Bayard Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 THE EMIGRANT'S STORY AND OTHER POEMS. By J. T. Trawbridge. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
 EVOLUTION AND PROGRESS. By Rev. Wm. I. Gill. New York: Authors' Publishing Co.
 MARIA MONK'S DAUGHTER. An Autobiography. By Mrs. L. St. John Eckel. New York: United States Publishing Co.
 A PRACTICAL THEORY OF VOUSOIR ARCHES. By Wm. Cain. New York: D. Van Nostrand.
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- A WINTER IN RUSSIA. Translated by M. M. Ripley. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
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 THE FRENCH HUMORISTS. By Walter Besant. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Miscellaneous:

- THE BHAGVAD GITA. By J. Cockburn Thompson. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House.
 TREASURE TROVE. Central Falls, R. I.: E. L. Freeman & Co.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

From Matthias Gray, San Francisco:

- KALAKAUA MARCH. Composed by Louis B deker.
 HYMN OF KAMEHAMEHA I. Words composed by His Majesty King Kalakaua. Music by Henry Berger.
 GENTLE WORDS. Song. Composed by S. H. Marsh.
 FAREWELL, O DREAM OF MINE. Concert Song of Alfred Kelleher.
 BENINGTON QUICKSTEP. Composed by Dr. C. B. Dickson. Arranged by Prof. Jno. Knell.
 THE DAYS WERE SWEET IN SUMMER TIME. Words by R. Reece. Music by C. B. Allen.